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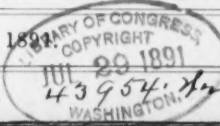


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CITY FOLKS AT A COUNTRY CHURCH.—FROM A DRAWING BY B. W. CLINEDINST.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

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IMPORTANT TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

We shall be glad to receive from photographers and artists in all parts of the country photographs and sketches of persons, objects, and events of interest; and for such as may be used satisfactory compensation will be made. To save time, photographs can be sent unmounted.

THE leading contributed editorial to next week's issue of this newspaper will relate to the present position of the copyright question and the effort of certain elements of the printing and publishing trades in England to arouse a sentiment of hostility to the law recently passed by Congress. The writer of the article, Mr. H. R. Elliot, is thoroughly well informed as to the general subject, having been actively identified with the agitation in this country which led up to the enactment of the copyright legislation, and his contribution will be found both interesting and instructive.

THE END OF THE WORLD.

"For this hath Science searched on weary wing
By shore and sea—each mute and living thing,
Or round the cope her living chariot driven,
And wheeled in triumph through the signs of heaven.
Oh, star-eyed Science, hast thou wandered there
To waft us home the message of despair?"

IN reality, as we know nothing of the origin of the earth, so we know nothing of the end of the world; and while some stars may be fading, others are rising in their place, so that men may rest content in the idea that the life eternal is universal.

In the year 1000 A.D. it was universally believed that the world would come to an end, according to Mother Shipton's prophecy, and as the fatal year approached all were warned to prepare for the final day. In 960 Bernard of Thuringia publicly announced that the world was about to end, and he quoted the words of the Apocalypse as a proof: "At the end of one thousand years Satan shall be loosed from his prison, and shall seduce the people that are in the four quarters of the earth. The book of life shall be open, and the sea shall give up her dead." Consequently it was feared that the devil would be loosed from the chains which had so long held him captive, and the destruction of the world would be complete.

The day appointed for the end of the world was to be during the year 992, when Good Friday and the feast of the Annunciation of the Virgin should fall on the same day, but nothing extraordinary occurred. It is true that a comet was visible for nine days, and a wonderful meteor likewise made its appearance, and men's frightened fancies enabled them to see what men of science seldom have the opportunity of observing during meteoric displays. "The heavens opened," we are told, "and a kind of flaming torch fell upon the earth, leaving behind a long track of light, like the path of a flash of lightning. Its brightness was so great that it frightened not only those who were in the fields, but even those who were in the houses. As this opening in the sky slowly closed men saw with horror the figure of a dragon, whose feet were blue and whose head seemed to grow larger and larger." A terrible picture accompanies the account describing the meteor track, and an accompanying picture of a dragon to show its resemblance to the celestial apparition.

The belief in the end of the world was derived possibly from an older belief entertained by the earliest astronomers. According to them, certain cyclic periods and planetary motions begin and end with terrestrial calamities, these calamities differing according to the zodiacal relations of the planetary conjunctions. The ancient Chaldeans taught that when all the planets are conjoined in Capricornus the earth is destroyed by flood; and when they are all joined in Cancer the earth is destroyed by fire. After each such end comes the beginning of a new cycle, at which times there is a new creation. Another doctrine taught that the period intervening between each of these cyclic destructions was the *Annus Magnus*, or great year, required for the return of the then known planets to the position (or conjunction) which they were understood to have had at the beginning of the great year. This period was supposed by some to last 360,000 years, and by others 300,000 years, while Orpheus assigned to it only 120,000 years. But in every case it was a multiple of a thousand years, and the subordinate catastrophes were supposed to divide the great year into sets of so many thousand years.

The Egyptians likewise believed in the end of the world, but when Solon described Deucalion's flood to them, and counted the generations which had elapsed since it occurred, an aged priest said to him: "Like the rest of mankind, the Greek nation has suffered from natural convulsions, which occur from time to time according to the position of the heavenly bodies, when

parts of the earth are destroyed by the two great agents, fire and water. At certain periods portions of the human race perish in the waters, and rude survivors too often fail to transmit historical evidence of the event. You Greeks remember one record only. There have been many. You do not even know at present anything of that noblest and fairest race of which you are a seed or remnant." In the Egyptian annals accounts are given of the destruction by flood of the great island Atlantis. This was described as a continent opposite the Pillars of Hercules (the Straits of Gibraltar), and in remote times this island disappeared, being submerged beneath the sea.

In the days when people were full of simple faith and superstition men believed the conflagrations and deluges by which portions of the earth were destroyed were intended for the regeneration of the world. After each catastrophe men were supposed to be better, but gradually falling away from this happy state, they were overwhelmed with new disasters and threatened destruction. The Stoics taught that there were two kinds of catastrophe destined for the alternate destruction and regeneration of the world. The destruction by water, which sweeps away the whole human race, and the destruction by fire, which dissolves the globe itself. From the Egyptians they learned that in consequence of the gradually increasing wickedness of men toward the termination of each era the gods could bear it no longer, and a shock of the elements or a deluge was sent to overwhelm them, after which the golden age was renewed on the earth.

The Egyptian, Assyrian, Indian, and Chinese records show that people associated the partial destruction of the earth by fire or water with the movements of the heavenly bodies; for direct reference is always made to the conjunction of the planets, the position of the sun and moon, and occasionally to the apparition of comets and the fall of meteoric bodies. In 1186 the astrologers gravely announced that the world would be destroyed by the conjunction of all the planets. Rigard, a writer of that period, says: "The astrologers of the East, Jews, Saracens, and even Christians, sent letters all over the world, in which they predicted, with perfect assurance, that in the month of September there would be great tempests, earthquakes, mortality among men, seditions and discords, revolutions in kingdoms, and the destruction of all things." Some years later another alarm was raised, and it was announced that Antichrist was born in Babylon, and therefore all the human race would be destroyed.

In 1532 Simon Goulart gave an appalling account of terrible sights seen in Assyria, where "a mountain opened and showed a scroll with letters of Greek—'The end of the world is coming.'" But the year passing in safety, a famous astrologer predicted it again in 1584, and the people were so terrified that they sought for refuge in the churches, and some people actually made their wills. Stöffler, one of the most famous mathematicians in Europe during the sixteenth century, predicted a universal deluge for 1524, which was to take place during the month of February, because Saturn, Jupiter, and Mars were then together in the sign of Pisces. When these tidings were spread abroad through Europe, Asia, and Africa, people were filled with consternation, and in the maritime provinces of Germany people sold their lands for very little to those who had more sense and less credulity. Some built boats like arks, and a doctor of Toulouse, named Auriol, built a large ark for his family and friends. However, the month of February came and not a drop of rain fell, and the astrologers were very much puzzled.

In 1572 the end of the world was again announced, and people were very much alarmed by a strange celestial phenomenon. An unknown star of great brilliancy suddenly appeared in the constellation of Cassiopeia, and it could be discerned in broad daylight. Many who were credulous supposed that this was the star of the Magi announcing the second coming of Christ.

After these threatened destructions by fire and water, comets were looked upon for a while with fear and suspicion, an idea prevailing that the torch which was to light the final conflagration would be a comet. In 1680 a comet of remarkable appearance seemed as if its course were directed full upon the sun, and presented characteristics which suggested dangers even to men of science. In the year 1773 it was reported that Lalande, one of the ablest mathematicians of the day, had predicted the end of the world as the result of a collision between the comet and the earth. It had been announced that Lalande would read before the Academy of Sciences a paper entitled, "Reflections on those comets which can approach the earth." Gradually this was changed into the report that in the year 1773, on May 20th, a comet would encounter and destroy the earth.

No one can say how this statement arose, but it excited great terror among those who were unable to distinguish the real from the false. M. Lalande's office was besieged by excited crowds day after day, and a number of pious people entreated the Archbishop of Paris to appoint a forty days' prayer to avert the threatened danger, which they imagined was to take the form of a mighty deluge. At this time Voltaire wrote his celebrated letter about "The Pretended Comet," in which he said: "A comet coursing along its parabolic may come full tilt against our earth. But then, what will happen? Either that comet will have a force equal to that of our earth, or greater, or less. If equal, we shall do the comet as much harm as it will do us, action and reaction being equal; if greater, the comet will bear us away with it; if less, we shall bear away the comet. This great event may occur in a thousand ways, and no one can affirm that our earth and the other planets have not experienced more than one revolution through the mischance of encountering a comet on their path. The Parisians will not desert their city on the 20th instant; they will sing songs, and the play of 'The Comet and the World's End' will be performed at the Opera Comique."

But something more preposterous than that suggested by the great wit actually did occur on this occasion. The ignorant, persuaded that the priests had obtained the privilege of dispensing seats in paradise, actually bought tickets at a high rate. It is not known what directions the priests gave to their eager parishioners as to the disposal of these tickets, and to whom they were to be presented, but we do know that they will be unavailable for some time to come.

In 1832 it was announced in France that Biela's comet of 1826 would return that year, and that the path of the comet very

nearly intersected the path of the earth. This suggested an approaching collision between the earth and the comet, although nothing of the kind was implied, but nevertheless there were many people who were filled with terror at the thought. In 1840 Pierre Louis, of Paris, calculated that the end would be in 1900, in this way: "The Apocalypse says the Gentiles shall occupy the holy city for forty-two months. The holy city was taken by Omar in 636. Forty-two months of years is 1260, which brings the return of the Jews in 1896, which will precede by a few years the final catastrophe. Daniel also announces the arrival of Antichrist 2,300 days after the establishment of Artaxerxes on the throne of Persia, 400 B.C., which again brings us to 1900."

In 1881, according to the prophecy of Mother Shipton, the world was to come to an end, but as the prophecy was certainly not verified, we must look for its fulfillment at a later date. As nothing of importance occurred in 1881, a dismal report was circulated to the effect that the comet of 1843, which was supposed to have returned in 1880, would come back again in 1895 and bring about the end of the world. But the fears entertained with regard to the return of the comet of 1843 are without foundation, and the world may await with calmness the future returns of this sun-lashing comet, satisfied that whatever effect might be produced on the comet very little would be produced on the sun or the solar system. The theory was that the gas would combine with the air and an explosion take place which would destroy us all, but experience has taught us that this is impossible.

Some believe that the world will come to an end in 2000 A.D., which will make 6,000 years, as they think, from the creation; then come the 1,000 years of millennial Sabbath. Another idea, the most ancient of all, is that which supposes the earth will be destroyed by fire on the improbable supposition that beneath the thin crust of the earth is a molten mass. Others believe that we shall finally fall into the sun by the resistance of ether to our motion; but we should have to wait millions of years before we came too near the sun.

In reality, however, we and our destiny are simply dependent upon our sun. In its voyage through space it might encounter some object we know nothing of, and the attraction might result in calamity to our solar system; or, the sun being a variable star, and stars have been known to disappear, it might also happen to our sun, or such a catastrophe might occur as the kindling of enormous quantities of gas. A catastrophe to the sun will be our own end.

Fontenelle has amusingly described in verse the result of the sun growing cold, which has been translated as follows:

"Of this, though, I have not a doubt:
One day when there is not much light
The poor little sun will go out
And bid us politely—good-night.
Look out from the stars up on high
Some other to help you to see;
I can't shine any longer, not I,
Since shining don't benefit me.

"Then down on our poor habitation
What numberless evils will fall,
When the heavens demand liquidation!
Why, all will go smash, and then all
Society come to an end.
Soon out of the sleepy affair
His way will each traveler wend,
No testament leaving, nor heir."

Mary Proctor

922 EDMOND STREET, ST. JOSEPH, MO.

[Miss Proctor is the daughter of the late Professor Richard A. Proctor, the eminent astronomer.]

THE MOVING MASSES.

PARADOXICAL as it may sound, it is the elevation of the masses that is at the bottom of their discontent. The Secretary of the British Embassy at Rome, Mr. Dering, recently made a report on the economic progress of Italy during the last twenty-five years, which showed a decided improvement in their condition. The Italian peasantry are better paid, clothed, and cared for now than they were twenty-five years ago, and yet are more discontented now than they were then.

Commenting on this singular fact, the London *Spectator* truthfully says that "discontent is seldom felt with any keenness until things have begun to mend. It is the child of hope rather than of despair." So long as the laboring masses of Italy saw nothing ahead of them but penury and poverty, so long they were content by force of circumstances and fate. Just as soon as wages increased and the Government manifested an active interest in the welfare of the people, just so soon were implanted in the hearts of the masses aspirations for better things.

Mr. Dering shows that there has been abundant progress in Italy in the last quarter of a century. The lowest wages recorded in 1889 were paid to women in the candle factories of Turin, amounting to twenty cents per day; but in 1867 these same women earned but fifteen and one-half cents per day. A Milanese cotton-spinner now earns nearly forty cents a day, as against twenty-eight cents in 1867; and a wool-spinner earns one dollar and ten cents, as against fifty-five cents a quarter of a century ago. With the increase of wages has come a decrease in the cost of food, and the only item of increased expense is in house rent. Clothing costs much less than it did, and Mr. Dering calculates that an Italian laborer can now secure by ninety-five hours of work what required in 1867 over two hundred hours.

Not alone in Italy, but in all lands where civilization is advanced, the condition of the working masses has vastly improved during the past decade. How much of this is owing to a knowledge abroad of the superior advantages labor has enjoyed in the United States, must be to a large extent a matter of surmise. But it is easy to understand how immigrants to this country have become in time the evangelists of a new dispensation, and scattered the seeds of a gospel that preached hope to the down-trodden masses of Europe. When the spell of subjection was once

removed, when the masses secured an extension of suffrage, better hours, and higher wages, then for the first time they felt their power and were ready to make the most of it.

Labor demonstrations in Germany, England, Belgium, Austria, and France, as in Italy, have intensified in violence year by year. A compromise is accepted whenever it yields advantage to the workers. Never fully satisfied with what is conceded, they constantly make new demands, and insist that they must be met. In the end it is as clear as day that the full fruition of their hopes must be realized, and that is nothing less than the organization of their governments on the broad, human, and humane plan of a pure democracy.

Such a government as the United States enjoys, a government "of the people, by the people, and for the people," is the ideal government of the masses. Lord Roseberry was not far from the truth when he recently said that "the politics of the future are the politics of the poor"; and in that concise summary of the situation one can read between the lines the doom of the monarchies and the prophecy of a universal republic.

The startling prediction of Macaulay, the great historian, in reference to the inevitable fate of the American Republic, has often been recalled. It looks, however, as if he had misjudged the power of the people to govern themselves without the aid of royalty. The day of dire disaster that Macaulay predicted for the American people seems more likely to come to our neighbors across the Atlantic, though there is no gainsaying the fact that, in a small measure at least, Macaulay's fears seem to be justified. They apply at present only so far as some of our municipalities are concerned. Whether they will go further or not remains to be seen. At all events, it is interesting to recall precisely what Macaulay said and thought thirty-four years ago. The following is an extract from his famous letter:

"The day will come when, in the State of New York, a multitude of people, not one-half of whom has had more than half a breakfast or expect to have more than half a dinner, will choose a Legislature. Is it possible to doubt what sort of a Legislature will be chosen? On one side is a statesman preaching patience, respect for vested rights, strict observance of public faith, while on the other hand is a demagogue, ranting about the tyranny of capitalists and usurers, and asking why anybody should be permitted to drink champagne or ride in a carriage while thousands of honest folk are in want of necessities. Which of the two candidates is likely to be preferred by a workingman who hears his children crying for bread? I seriously apprehend that you will, in some such season of adversity as I have described, do things which will prevent prosperity from ever returning. Either some Cæsar or Napoleon will seize the reins of government with a strong hand, or your republic will be as fearfully plundered and laid waste by barbarians in the twentieth century as the Roman Empire was in the fifth, with this difference, that the Huns and Vandals who ravaged the Roman Empire came from without, whereas your Huns and Vandals will have been engendered within your own country and by your own institutions."

A CRY FOR REFORM.

IN a recent address before the alumni of the University of Virginia, that eloquent speaker, Congressman W. L. Wilson, of West Virginia, dwelt upon the pressing necessity for reform in the government of American cities. He showed that our government, built up primarily for an agricultural people, was not fitted to the rapid growth and complex interests of our great cities, and said that "with universal suffrage, and a yearly expenditure of great sums of money to keep pace with the march of improvement and the growth of population, it is inevitable that the cities must develop political methods and political evils such as cannot grow up among a scattered population." He added: "It offers facilities and an irresistible temptation for the activity of a political machine, and it is a favorable nidus for generating the boss and the wire-puller."

Other men, in and out of public life, have made the same observation. The sentiment in favor of municipal reform is growing with astonishing rapidity. A third of the entire population of this country is found in the cities. Scarcely one of the municipalities is independent of politics and the politicians in the administration of its affairs.

A large proportion of the stream of immigration pouring into the United States remains in the cities. It is impossible to tell precisely how large the number is. But of the 15,000,000 immigrants landed here in the seventy years from 1820 to 1890, at least two-thirds (10,000,000) found employment in our cities. A large number of these settled where they landed—at the port of New York. There could be but one result. This large mass of foreigners, drifting quickly into citizenship, with little or no knowledge of our institutions, our form of government, our constitution and our laws, had a faint conception of the duties of the citizen, and fell a ready prey to the blandishments and the buildoings of the political manipulator.

What part it is necessary for politics to play in municipal administration it is difficult to conceive. What it has to do with an efficient police or school system, with street lighting, street cleaning, and the management of a fire department, it would be hard to explain. Yet in every city, particularly in the large cities, the offices which should be filled by men of capacity and integrity are handed over to the charge of ward-workers and political dependents.

In no State of the Union is there a greater need of municipal reform than in the State of New York. It has three of the fourteen largest cities of the Union—those containing a population of 200,000 and over. It has two of the largest cities in the United States. It has the largest city, and it is noticeable that in this—the largest city—New York, according to recent census figures, the approximate per capita administrative expense for a year reached almost the highest figure—the highest with but two exceptions, St. Paul and Duluth.

The census bulletin which makes this statement also brings out the extravagance of New York municipal administration by a comparison which must, indeed, be odious to Tammany Hall. The bulletin shows that, omitting the amounts on account of loans, transfers, and funds, the ordinary expenditures of the States of New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Missouri, and Illinois (the six largest States in population in the Union) aggregate \$28,859,000 in 1889, while in the same period the ordinary expenditures of New York City alone amounted to nearly \$49,000,000. This statement is disputed by the city comptroller, Mr. W. Myers, but it is noticeable that even this official, in his official corrections, admits that the total ordinary expenses of the city for the period named amounted to the pro-

digious total of \$27,000,000. The comparison of the census bulletin is made more striking by the further statement that the State of New York expended in 1889, for legislative, executive, and judicial purposes, \$1,619,000; while during the same period, for salaries alone for such purposes, the city of New York paid \$3,488,000, and the city of Brooklyn \$2,325,000.

The most remarkable circumstance in reference to this extravagance is that tax-payers submit to it with scarcely a murmur. But the load has at last become so prodigious, the corruption and extravagance so apparent, that a murmur of disapproval is heard on all sides, and promises to swell into a vociferous demand for reform in municipalities. If the Republican party of this State is wise it will make a demand for municipal reform the chief plank of its platform during the coming year, and if the Democracy is wise it will take up the same cry. It will be an evidence of political wisdom if the Legislature will provide a uniform method of governing municipalities so that business considerations and not politics shall dominate and control.

THE CRUMBLING ALLIANCE.

THE Farmers' Alliance promises to be short-lived in the North and in the West, though it is developing threatening strength in the Southern States. Representative Oates, of Alabama, in a recent interview, insisted that the Democracy must separate itself from the Alliance throughout the South, or else surrender to the new political power. In Kansas at least twenty-five sub-alliances have repudiated the third party, and several of them have declared that it is simply a movement to disrupt the Republican party and benefit the Democracy. This may be true in Kansas; but throughout the South, where the Democracy is in solid control, the third party is its most formidable opponent.

In Vermont the Farmers' League has distinctly declared itself against free silver and the sub-treasury scheme—the two pet ideas of the Alliance in the South. The Vermont farmers demand reform in local and State politics and economy in the administration of public affairs. Their platform contains a plank in favor of the issue of fractional paper currency to facilitate exchange through the mails, and a very sensible plank it is.

The president of the National Farmers' League in New York, who was the chief speaker at the recent farmers' convention in Virginia, advised against the organization of the farmers' political party, and declared that the farmers of the East were utterly opposed to free silver and to the sub-treasury scheme promulgated at the Farmers' National Convention in Cincinnati.

The Farmers' Alliance lacks leadership, it lacks ideas, and it therefore lacks cohesive strength. It may continue to thrive in the South, and there become an important factor in State and national politics. But in the North its backbone, if it ever had one, has been broken.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

It hardly needed the assurance of Senator Hale to satisfy the country that the newspaper reports of coldness or jealousy between President Harrison and Secretary Blaine are the merest drivel. There has never been anything else but the most cordial sympathy between the President and his Secretary, and the assumption that the contrary is the fact proceeds entirely from partisan perverseness.

THE Democrats of Ohio evidently did not understand what they were about when they placed side by side in their party platform a declaration in opposition to class legislation and one in favor of a graded income tax. There is no more obnoxious form of class legislation than a tax upon incomes. Such a tax is only justifiable under urgent stress as a war measure. The *Sun* is right when it says that this experiment can never be repeated in this country except in the direst necessity or the wildest folly. It is quite apparent that the Ohio Democracy have lost their wits as to all economic questions.

It is said that there is to be a "rounding-up" process in the Treasury Department which will result in the weeding out of undeserving clerks of one sort and another, including many who have got upon the sick-leave list. This list seems to have been greatly increased since the passage by Congress of a law under which clerks can obtain a leave of absence upon the certificate of some physician in good standing that they are ill. While upon such leave they receive two-thirds pay. It has been discovered by Secretary Foster, in the course of investigation, that a number of these clerks have been a long while absent; one chief of division is named who has been absent nearly two years drawing two-thirds pay, and who is personally unknown to many of the clerks in his department. It is gratifying to know that the secretary proposes to put an end to this sort of thing.

THE nomination of Governor Campbell as the Democratic candidate for re-election in Ohio is a marked triumph for that element in his party which he is understood to represent. Governor Campbell has been at no pains during his administration to appease the clamor of a certain hoodlum element in the cities, and he has his reward in the fact that the country districts have quite largely rallied to his support. The campaign is to be fought squarely on the issue of the tariff and the question of finance. The platform adopted by the State convention declares explicitly in favor of tariff reform (so-called), denouncing the McKinley bill with great vehemence and emphasis. The convention voted down a declaration "in favor of honest money, the coinage of gold and silver, and a circulating medium convertible into such money without loss," and adopted, by a decided majority, a resolution in favor of "free and unlimited silver coinage." This latter declaration is vigorously condemned by many of the old-fashioned Democrats of the State; but it is quite apparent that in the eagerness to maintain their hold upon the State administration they will conveniently overlook the party infidelity to its past history and give their support to the nominees of the convention. This latter body was characterized by a great deal of turbulence, and the delegates from Hamilton County refused to acquiesce in the nomination and make it unanimous. We notice that in view of this refusal a good many Republican newspapers are counting upon a considerable Democratic bolt, and are building their

hopes of Major McKinley's success upon that assumption. It will hardly be safe for the Republicans of Ohio to conduct their campaign on that basis. Governor Campbell is undoubtedly a strong candidate, and is none the weaker because he has refused to obey the behests of the politicians who are now opposing him. Major McKinley can be, and will be, as we believe, elected by a decisive majority; but this result will be achieved by the appeal of his followers to the intelligence of the people of the State, backed by honest, straightforward work in his behalf, and not by any organized defection in the Democratic ranks.

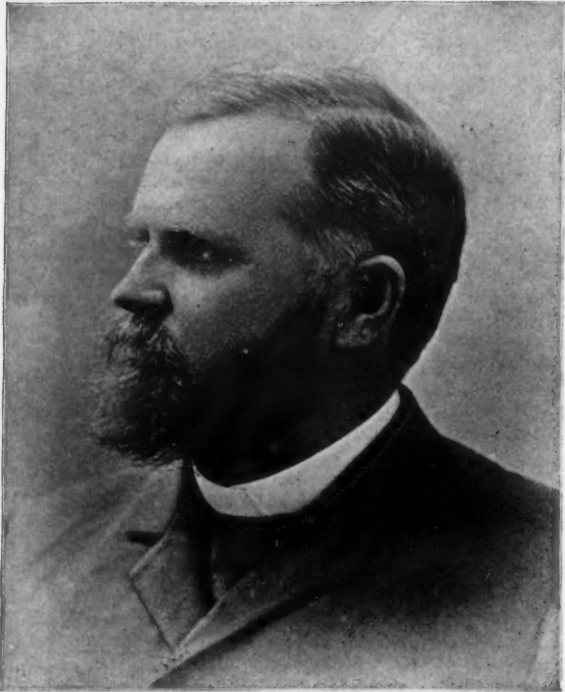
THAT eloquent advocate of temperance reform and woman's rights, Miss Susan B. Anthony, in a recent address at Rochester, surprised her friends by following the example set by many other eminent temperance workers, by declaring against the third or prohibition party. She said that the prohibition movement had taken some of the best temperance men out of Congress; that temperance Republicans, who left their party after the National Convention of 1884, when a temperance plank had almost enough votes in committee to cause its insertion in the platform, deserved criticism; and she severely condemned the prohibitionists of New York, who, by voting for the third party, helped the rum-sellers to elect their candidates for State offices. Miss Anthony's arguments are exactly those that have been advanced by this paper in favor of high-license, or high-tax laws, as the first step toward securing the best and most complete temperance reform.

SOME interesting testimony as to the effects of the McKinley bill upon European industries is given by Mr. John S. Clarkson, who has recently returned from a foreign tour of a couple of months. He states that in England and France tradesmen and shop-keepers universally deprecate the new tariff law as having produced disaster to many industries. Factories are closing and workmen are being thrown out of employment because of the inability of the producers to compete in the American market under the existing law. Mr. Clarkson says that he is more firmly convinced than ever before that the McKinley Tariff bill is for us the very best piece of legislation which Congress has enacted in many years. By way of ascertaining for himself the condition of the people in the peasant districts abroad under free trade, he visited many of the large industrial centres, and his testimony is that the misery and squalor are practically indescribable. No man of intelligence, who has seen what free trade has done for the English workingman and woman, can possibly be anything else than a protectionist.

THE Board of Education of New York insists that female school teachers should hereafter refrain from using nick-names or pet names, such as Dolly, Molly, Susie, and Nellie, on the official blanks of the department. With all due respect to the outcry raised against the use of pet names by adults, we are compelled to say that it is none of the business of the Board of Education what the name of a teacher may be. If her name is Harriet and she prefers to be known as Hattie, if her name is Mary and she prefers to be known as Mattie or Mollie, that is her own business, and particularly that of her parents, for in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it is the parents' choice that gave the young lady her pet name, and it is the parents' right, we believe, to call their own children by whatever name they please. The Board of Education of the city of New York will find plenty of business of a legitimate and helpful nature to attend to, without intruding upon the private rights of the young ladies who teach school. It might be added right here, that the outcry in the newspapers against the use of pet names by adults is ridiculous. The game isn't worth the powder.

THERE seems to be reason to believe that the new chief of the Weather Bureau, concerning whom we publish an interesting article elsewhere, has some very definite views concerning the utility of that branch of the public service. He believes, among other things, that local predictions in cities may be made much more accurate for local purposes with the aid of a daily weather-map, than at present, and he proposes to station twenty of the most skilled observers in the larger cities, where they will make forecasts for a given area. Professor Harrington also proposes to make the service of increased benefit to agriculture, and to this end predictions will be placed in the hands of the farmer at the earliest moment. These predictions will have special forecasts with reference to rain-fall, as to which predictions have heretofore been vague and indefinite. The climatic conditions of the various States are also to receive special study. Since it is the average weather or climate that determines the agricultural capacity of any region, it is of the utmost importance that the farmer should understand the conditions under which he may prosecute his labors. The question of drouth is also to undergo a careful study, as well as that of cloud-bursts.

It is not strange that the English traveling public is excited over the discovery that half the railroad bridges in use in England are too light for safety, having been built of cast iron for older and lighter rolling stock, and not being adapted to the strain to which the present heavy locomotives subject them. Sir John Fowler, the celebrated engineer and railway-bridge builder, has made a report which has led the Brighton Railroad Company to order the reconstruction of half its bridges, and Sir John declares that the other railway companies are in the same plight. This is the first practical outcome of the recent accident at Norwood, on the Brighton Railroad. It will be followed by the immediate reconstruction of eighty of that company's bridges. Within the past few years the tendency in the railway world has been to increase the size of trains, enlarge the capacity of cars, and add to the weight of locomotives and all the rolling stock. As a result, it has been necessary to lay heavier rails; but while this has been done, the need for rebuilding the bridges has been in great part overlooked. The bridges may be considered the weak links in a strong chain, for a large percentage of railway accidents occurs on trestles and bridges. It would seem as if the State railway commissions, in the absence of power on the part of the Interstate Commerce Commission, should inquire seriously into this matter. The safety of the public demands it, but the safety of the public is one of the last things that State commissions ordinarily consider.



PROFESSOR MARK W. HARRINGTON, THE NEW CHIEF OF THE WEATHER BUREAU.—PHOTO BY GIBSON.—[SEE PAGE 445.]

CALIFORNIA'S BIG TREES.

WE give on another page an illustration of one of the wonders of the Tuolumne Big-Tree Grove in California. This is the stump of one of the largest Wellingtonias in the grove, with a tunnel through which the road passes and vehicles are driven. The standing stump, the trunk having been severed about 90 feet from the ground, measures 30 feet 8 inches in diameter; but the diameter of the trunk with its bark, which is now removed, is said to have been over 40 feet. The tunnel through the tree measures 12 feet in height by 10½ feet wide at the base and 8 feet at the top. Tuolumne Grove contains about thirty big specimens of the giant Wellingtonias, but there are trees now growing which, if the world should not come to an end as predicted by Professor Totten, will, in the course of time, attain dimensions which will be surprising to coming generations.

The Calaveras Grove also has a number of these giant Wellingtonias. In that grove, one tree measured 430 feet in length by 110 feet in circumference at the base, and the first branch was 210 feet from the ground. Another measured 327 feet in height. Still another measures 330 feet in length, and has a circumference of 97 feet. One of the greatest tree wonders of the forest is a monster which has been severed six feet from the ground, and on the stump of which a pavilion has been built in which dramatic performances are held.

Much speculation has been indulged in as to the age of these giant trees. Attempts have been made to solve the question by reference to the immense number of rings that can be counted on the prostrate trunks. One writer tells of a tree on which he counted 2,000 rings. Another writer tells of a tree in Mariposa Grove with 6,000 rings. If each of these rings represents a year's growth, then the tree certainly has attained an enormous age. A writer in an English magazine, speaking on this subject, undertakes to give some trustworthy data, as follows: "A tree felled in 1875 had no appearance of age. It was 69 feet in girth inside the bark, and the

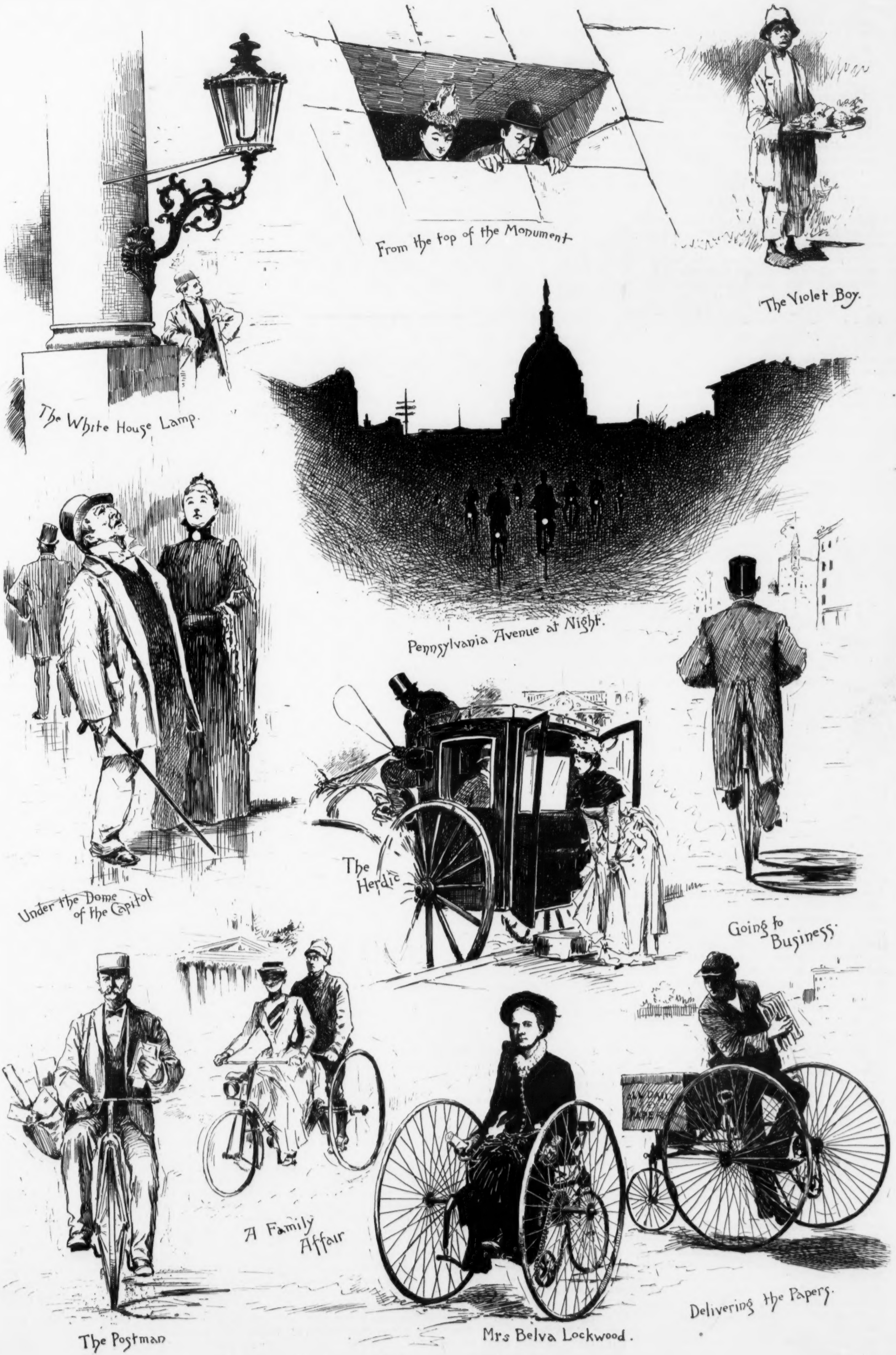
number of annual rings counted by three persons varied between 2,125 and 2,139. Another was 107 feet in girth inside the bark at four feet from the ground. This wood was very compact, and showed through a considerable part of the trunk thirty annual rings to the inch. This, if the rings were of uniform diameter in the rest of the trunk, would give the incredible age of 6,400 years. But as the interior rings of such trees are much broader than the outer, half that number to the inch is a more conceivable estimate and would give an age of 3,500 years."



TYPES OF BLUE GRASS BEAUTY.—V. MISS MACMORDIE.—[SEE PAGE 445.]



ARIZONA.—POLE-PLAYING, A FAVORITE GAMBLING GAME OF THE APACHE INDIANS.—[SEE PAGE 448.]



THE HAPPY LAND OF SLEEP.

O H, sweet and wondrous mystery—the mystery of sleep! The gentle fall of tired eyelids on a tired cheek, The soft-drawn breath that comes and goes as light as this—tle-down,

The blessed relaxation that smoothes away the frown, That wipes the troubled creases from foreheads white and fair, That almost turns to gold again the silver in the hair! So sweet is sleep, so wondrous sweet is this strange mystery, This beautiful and precious gift God gives to you and me! We drift along in silence that is sweet as music's sound, We dream, and dream, and dream again—we tread enchanted ground;

The poorest of us all may know the luxuries of life, The toiling ones among us may rest from care and strife, The saddest of us may delight in laughter and in song, The sinfulest among us may forget his sense of wrong— For oh, a land more bright and fair than Eden's Paradise Is spread in richest beauty before the dreamer's eyes!

How tender in its mystery is that swift moment when We lose our hold upon the world and drift and float again In flowery skiffs of silver upon a rose-lit sea.

Past soft-receding summer shores and under bending tree, And up clear shining rivers, where water-lilies lie Like tiny cream-white cloudlets upon a liquid sky! Where but to stretch an eager hand is all we have to do And what we long for is our own—ah, if we only knew The reason why, when we awake and see our empty hands, And know that we've been wandering in Slumber's happy lands,

And know that sweetest, rarest things were surely in our grasp; Oh, if we knew the reason they could not always last!

Oh, happy, happy dreamer, 'tis thine to know the bliss Of wanderings in Eden and love's ecstatic kiss! 'Tis thine to feel the soft repose of perfect, perfect peace! 'Tis thine to know that for a time there is a sweet surcease Of pain and bitter sorrow and strivings and despair, Of longings and discouragements and oft-unanswered prayer: 'Tis thine, oh, happy dreamer, to drift and drift along Upon a sunny ocean where every wind's a song; Where tender, soothing shadows up the hillsides softly creep And hover o'er the blessed land that mortal men call Sleep!

HARRIET FRANCENE CROCKER.

THE "BASILISK."

BY ERNEST LAMBERT.

III.—(Continued.)



WITH troubled hearts they came in sight of the ill-omened craft which was to decide their fortunes. The *Basilisk* was a large barque with a white hull, white bulwarks, white deck-houses, and white boats; even the tips of her tapering spars were touched with the same ghostly hue. Her snowy sails were loosed and swayed in undulating festoons from the yards, and she tugged uneasily at her moorings as though impatient to be

gone on her fearful voyage. But that which especially impressed the new-comers was the knot of idlers on the wharf, who, with bated breath and fearful countenances, exchanged superstitious stories about her.

The two friends were startled at meeting Max the instant they stepped on board.

"You see I got ahead of you," he said to Bundy, pointing to the ship's Articles, spread open on the cabin skylight.

Bundy knitted his brows. He had secretly expected the Dane to back out at the last moment, and all the weird tales about the ship recurred to his mind as he found himself face to face with his compact. But he stepped forward briskly, disdaining to appear cowed, and took the pen boldly from the shipping-master.

"Barque *Basilisk*, Daniel Oswald, master," he read from the Articles. "Oswald. Where have I seed that name afore?"

"Perhaps you've heard me talk of it," suggested Falconer.

"No; somethin' happened once, an' that name was mixed up into it. Oswald, Oswald."

"Are you talking of me?" cried a jarring voice behind him.

Bundy turned. A cold chill went through him as his eye fell on the rock-hewn countenance of the ogreish captain, whose solitary gleaming orb swept their assembled faces in a frosty glance.

"Are you the captain of this ship," cried Jack's friend with a scared look.

"I am."

The old sailor threw down the pen. "Then I don't sail in her, for one," he exclaimed.

Falconer regarded him uneasily. A faint smile overspread the captain's cold face.

"Are you scared by old women's tales?" he asked him, scornfully.

"No; but I've seen you afore. I knowed this was the barque what had the mutiny, but I didn't know she belonged to you. Your ship is hell afloat. I remember you by your mark."

The captain mechanically removed his hat, and Max was startled at the sight of a wide and ghastly scar laid bare by the breeze which lifted his spare locks from his bony forehead.

"The hand of a murderer did it," said the captain, coldly.

"The hand o' one o' my best friends," retorted Bundy. "Do you think I don't know how you hounded him? He struck you in self-defense. After the ship come to anchor he was found floatin' in the Mersey with a hole in his head, an' his death ain't never been explained."

Oswald replaced his hat. "Leave the ship!" he cried, peremptorily.

Bundy started back. Then he hesitated and looked at Max.

"Don't mind me," said the Dane. "I'll go in her, anyhow." "He'll drown you," protested Bundy, in a loud whisper. "He spares nobody. He's got some grief on his mind, an' he's mad for revenge."

"No matter," replied Max, calmly. "I've signed for the voyage and I'll make it."

"Don't go," Jack pleaded.

But Max was proof against persuasion.

Then Bundy uttered a big, round oath. "Give me the pen!" he cried to the shipping-master, returning to the skylight. "There, sir," he continued, addressing Oswald, when he had signed his name with a flourish that ended in a sputter and drove his pen through the paper; "blood or no blood, the job's done. My word is as good as a happydavid. I've promised a friend to do him a turn, an' I've did it, an' I'm yours now, body an' soul."

The captain frigidly promised to take care of both. "Stay," he continued, addressing Max, who had turned to leave with the others; "I like your looks. I want to speak to you."

Unable to resist the weird fascination of his manner, Max mechanically obeyed his silent invitation to descend into the cabin. As they did so an altered look came into the Dane's face. He glanced around with strange intentness. The cabin was an oblong apartment, paneled in white and maple, and lighted by a glass skylight in which hung a telescope and a transparent compass-card. Against the stern-post was a clock, and the after-lockers were littered with blue-bound charts, brass logs, piles of gaudy bunting, and old log-books. After noting these ordinary articles of ship's furniture the Dane started as his eye was caught by a brass star let into the floor near the forward bulkhead.

"Be seated," the captain cried, not observing his abstraction. "You can navigate, of course? Well, I want a mate. Are you willing to cast in your lot with me?"

"To the death," replied Max, in a voice that was almost inaudible.

The captain touched him with his icy hand. A gleam of hope shone in the old man's eye, and there was a faint tremor in his voice as he spoke,

"It is for you," he said, "that I have sought for years. Don't start. I read your story in your face. Your wrongs can never be redressed. Help me. I am feeble and old. I have a mission to fulfill."

"How can I help you?" said Max, in the same low tone.

The captain cast a stealthy glance around.

"Supposing," he whispered, bending forward, "that you had led an upright and a godly life. You had striven always to make others happy and were looking forward to a just reward, when suddenly a fiend appeared to make you rue the day you were born—robbed you of your only and your well-loved son—approached him when you were not by to shield him, and buried a knife in his heart. What would you do? Would you let that crime go unpunished?"

"I would have justice," replied Max, in a broken voice.

A wicked smile came into the captain's face. "But supposing," he continued, in a subdued and stealthy tone, bending closer toward his listener, "supposing your search for the culprit was vain; supposing you gave up your life to the work and were still not permitted to find him, and supposing that man's accomplices and others of his clan were brought under your control, to be stern to, to harass and to punish every day of the week, every week of the year—then what would you do?"

"I would be merciful," cried the Dane, with sudden energy, looking him full in the face.

"Merciful!" repeated Oswald, in tones of bitterest scorn. "No, no; you would do as I have done. It was here the dastards struck him—here in this cabin where we sit. The star marks the spot. It was there he fell."

Max shrank back with a look of horror as the captain pointed with his skinny finger to the mute memorial of the tragedy.

"It was there they slew him, there his spirit went up to God. Fearful of his dear, dead face, they tossed him, like a dog, into the ocean, that his flesh—my flesh and blood—might rot and fester at the bottom, where his whitening bones will lie until the Judgment Day. But the crime which was committed on these decks, on these decks shall be avenged."

Max buried his face in his hands as the old man's frenzy rose.

"The villain who killed him," cried Oswald, getting up and pacing to and fro, "loved the girl he loved. She could not return my son's affection, and that was sorrow enough, yet she might have grown to it in time. But to think how they tore him from her! His rival followed him to sea in the same ship—this ship, that I had built for him; that she had christened with her own white hands. A month later they told me he was dead. It was said that he found the other among the crew, that they quarreled over the girl's portrait, that my son threatened him and was killed in self-defense, with a pistol in his hand."

"Yes, yes!" cried Max, starting up with sudden eagerness, "You heard that? You heard it was an accident? You heard of the culprit's remorse—of his refusal to touch the gold?"

"I heard it, but I knew better than to believe it."

Max sank into his seat.

"I share your grief," he groaned. "I will help you to complete the vengeance your heart is set upon."

"It will be complete," returned the captain, sternly, "when the culprit lies here at my feet. His scared conscience has told him to avoid me. He has been an exile and an outcast from the hour of his crime. But although dead to others, he is not dead to me. If I met him I should see the blood of my son staining his hands and read on his brow the curse called down by the dying breath of his victim. And let him beware!"

His voice dropped from its high, shrill key, his hand smote his breast, and a look of deadly determination fired his face. Then he grew calmer, although the wild light was still in his eye and the cruel laugh about his lips.

"The lady!" cried Max, struggling to utter the words. "The lady they both loved; did she believe him guilty?"

"She died of a broken heart," replied the captain in tones of mockery. "See, I have her picture."

He drew from a locker the framed miniature of a woman. Max took it eagerly. As he gazed, tears blinded his eyes.

If Judy could have seen him then! It was the portrait of his own lost love.

IV.

FALCONER awoke the next morning from a troubled sleep as a tremendous knocking resounded through the great bedroom of "The Golden Anchor."

"Are you goin' to lay abed all day?" cried a gruff voice from without. Jack started up from the cot where he had thrown himself with his clothes on, as Bundy stumped into the room.

"So I've roused you at last, have I?" cried that worthy, with ironical cheerfulness. "How do you feel after your night's diversion?"

"Pretty blue," returned Jack, huskily. "Give me some water, Fred."

"Water! You're a pretty fine specimen of the genius *oh-my*, ain't you? To think of you paintin' the town red!"

"What time is it? Have I been here long?"

"Oh, not to say long. It was seven o'clock when I come across you, wavin' your hands an' singin' 'Hail Columby,' a quarter to eight when I lugged you up-stairs, an' you've been here ever since."

Jack laughed. "That's what comes of Barney's making us sample his old Jamaica," he said, ruefully.

"Oh, of course, it's somebody else's fault. It always is."

"Well, don't be cross," Jack began. But Bundy broke in on him angrily.

"What did you do it for? What excuse have you got? Ain't you ashamed o' yourself?"

"What have I done?" cried the young man, amazed at his vehemence.

"Done? Oh, it's the old story: Jack ashore; meets some shipmates; good-bye, sweetheart; fiddles an' dancin'; feast o' reason an' the flowin' bowl. I guess that ain't nothin' to be proud of."

"You're right," said Jack, repentantly. "I ought to have stayed at home. But there's no harm done. Judy was sick and couldn't go to the dance, and how could I help drinking with her father?"

"Couldn't go? Did you say she couldn't go?"

"Yes; if she had I'd have kept my promise to you; but it isn't too late now."

"You're wrong. It is too late. You don't think I'd be frustratin' myself if she'd ha' folded her hands an' stayed in the house knittin' stockin's, do you? O' course she went, an' we're the laughin' stocks o' the neighborhood."

The young man's dark face paled. "Who took her?" he cried, breathlessly.

"Cricker! that little sawed-off ship-chandler, what she refused twice on your account; an' if he didn't make love to her at the rate o' knots, I ain't no judge o' human natur'."

Faithful to his friend, Bundy had followed the couple to the dancing-hall. He described to Jack, with pathetic minuteness, the large room glittering with flags and colored lamps; Judy, the centre of attraction, floating about on Cricker's arm as lovely as a vision, and the ship-chandler leading her, flushed and panting and beautiful, into the cozy retreat under the gallery, designed for just such interviews as an anxious lover would crave.

"An' if you'd seen him all smilin' an' happy like," added the old sailor, "you'd ha' knowed whether there was any harm done or not."

"It's a trick!" cried Jack with an oath, springing to his feet. "Barney told me she wasn't coming. He said she was sick and couldn't dance. Do you think I'd have let him make me drink but for that?"

"Nonsense! You didn't understand him."

"But I did! Cricker heard him. It was his doing; she'd never have served me so."

It was now Bundy's turn to get alarmed. "Do you mean as you thinks Barney an' Cricker put up a job on you?" he asked, slowly.

"What else can I mean? Cricker and I were in the sitting-room talking. Barney came in and whispered to Cricker. Then he told me I'd dressed myself up for nothing—that Judy had a headache and couldn't go. At that Cricker left the room. Barney opened a bottle, and I accepted his challenge to drink her health; and it was only after we'd had three or four rounds that I started out with Bill and the rest. It's clear enough. We've been duped!"

Bundy was furious.

"If we have," he exclaimed, smiting his thigh, "Barney's an old friend o' mine, but I'll knock seven bells out o' him. I'll see him, I'll see Judy, I'll see Cricker—"

"Hold on!" cried Jack, detaining him as he turned to leave the room; "don't be rash. It's my fault. But what keeps you here? Where's Max?"

"Gone. Went away in the ship a quarter of an hour ago."

"And you—"

"My chest went aboard last night, but I got left behind through lookin' after you."

"Was there much in your chest?"

"All I've got."

Jack realized the gravity of the situation. He slowly unbuckled his money-belt. "After all," he said, recklessly, "things might be worse. Never mind the chest, Bundy. There's enough here to give us both a new start."

He unbuttoned the little pocket in which he had placed his precious roll of greenbacks that were to have given him a start ashore. Then he uttered a loud cry. It was empty.

If Judy could have known his thoughts just then she might have pitied him. But she was too busy with her own troubles to reckon of other people's. At that moment she was bargaining with a Whitehall boatman to intercept a vessel that was standing down with a fair wind toward the Narrows. Her cheeks were flushed and her black eyes sparkling with excitement.

"Want to catch a ship?" drawled the rapacious waterman, looking vacantly across the blue waters.

"Yea, yes!" she cried, hurriedly. "The white ship—the one with three masts."

The boatman considered.

"She's goin' pretty lively," he said. "What do you want with her?"

"I want to speak to somebody on board," she replied, her voice trembling.

"What'll you pay?"

She offered him his own price. The next minute they were dancing on the waters of the bay. The morning air was sharp, and Judy's wrap was none of the heaviest. But she was oblivious to everything save the form of the white barque gliding rapidly seaward with her snowy wings distended and a line of foam at her bows.

Her present journey, she knew, was a forlorn hope. In going to the dance with Cricker the night before she had believed the liar who told her that her love awaited her. She had returned in despair—a despair that had fired her with a terrible determination when she heard that morning that the barque had sailed.

The small boat rapidly approached the spot for which the ship was heading. Judy could see that their success depended on their reaching it first. Several people were distinguishable about the decks. She took out her handkerchief and waved it wildly in the hope that somebody might notice her—that he might understand the signal. But there was no answering sign.

"She feels the breeze," said the boatman, as the barque began to heel over. "But we're safe so long as she doesn't set her royals."

He altered the boat's course so as to cross the barque's bows at an angle. His little craft fairly leaped through the water. The oars bent, and every plank creaked at the impulse of his long, strong arms. Judy's eyes were riveted on the barque.

"I see him! I see him!" she cried, as she caught sight of a familiar form on the poop. "Oh, if we're only in time!"

She was sure they would overtake him. She could hear the spray hissing about the barque's bows. She even fancied that he turned and saw her. A few minutes more and she would stand beside him on the deck.

Just then, when her hopes seemed brightest, there was a loud splintering noise, the boat's head swerved violently, and the rower fell forward in his seat. The left oar had snapped short in the rowlock.

The boatman returned her look of dismay.

"Can't I help you?" she cried, wildly.

"I can scull," he replied briefly, coming aft and placing the other oar in a notch at the stern.

The boat began to go forward, but this time it was in the wake of the ship. They were so close that for a moment Judy could read the name on the stern. Then her heart sank as she saw how rapidly they were left behind. No heed was paid to the boatman's hail. Suddenly she noticed a commotion on the decks. The man on the poop went forward, and two small sails fluttered at the mastheads.

"It's all up," cried the boatman, despairingly. "We'll never catch her now. They're sheetin' home the royals."

A wail of defeat rang over the water, and Judy sank to the bottom of the boat. The waterman took her back to the landing.

Five minutes after they stepped ashore the barque anchored to await her pilot.

(To be continued.)

IN FASHION'S GLASS.

PARTING is no "sweet sorrow," but rather a bitter one, when each time we go to the glass to dress our heads it is to discover that the operation is daily becoming a difficult case of splitting hairs. As one of the first duties of woman is to make herself look beautiful, we are compelled by all the laws of loyalty to ourselves to call in the aid of art to atone for the sins of that base betrayer, Time. Fashion is always capricious, and though it is but yesterday she ordained a coiffeur of a simple knot twisted lightly on to the nape of the neck, and the hearts of the scanty-haired fair ones rejoiced and were glad, to-day innumerable twists, rolls, curls, and coils are necessary to complete the toilette of any woman anxious to deserve the credit of being good form from head to heel. And yet care and good taste must be brought into play to prevent the head from looking too big for the body, and from having a wiggy appearance, which is often the result of a profusion of frizzes and curls.

The second sketch represents a pretty and simple style arranged with a comb especially designed for the purpose, and is extremely easy to arrange. The coiffeur fantasie in the first sketch, is exceptionally novel and becoming. The style is one which can not fail to suit almost any one, and is arranged with a long coil of hair, dressed rather high, and a little bunch of curls.

The sea air has ever been an enemy to crimps and curls, and a woman is never so put out of conceit with herself, and in a similar condition to the peacock when he discovers his feet, as when she is disfigured with a straggling row of straight hairs across her brow. She is, therefore, filled with admiration and gratitude to the hair-dresser who has invented the seaside fringe, which is guaranteed never to come out of curl, and may be worn while in bathing without injury. It costs five dollars, but a woman will get ten times the value of it in serenity of temper and the satisfaction of knowing that she appears well.

Shapes in hats, of course, are largely influenced by styles of hair-dressing, and the sailor has been so long popular because it

could rest upon smoothly-dressed hair as becomingly as upon the curled and puffed. However, the flat-crowned sailor hats have not achieved any great measure of public favor, and now that another and far prettier novelty is about to be ushered in from London, they are likely to disappear entirely. The latest shape has a rounded crown and a rather wide brim turning up about a quarter of an inch all round. Made in the coarsest straw, simply trimmed with a ribbon band and bow, and lined with corded silk, these are eminently stylish, and so becoming that they will no doubt be generally adopted.

Some beautiful hats for bridesmaids' wear were made of white



lace with its floral design outlined in gold thread, and trimmed with lace bows bordered with gold gimp, while big bunches of Malmaison pinks were prettily disposed on the crown and on the back to rest on the hair. It is to be noted that the old boat shape of last year is to be revived, and as exemplified in black, with a big white velvet bow at the back and an ostrich feather curling itself around the crown, it cannot fail to be welcome. Very quaint is a hat of white and red crinoline, with a low, pointed crown, bordered with

a ruche of green lisse and adorned with wings, while some novel and charming bonnets are made entirely of stems shading from the palest to the darkest green, and resting on a bandeau of fruit.

Gowns of transparent fabric over colored slips are specially in vogue, which have revived the baby fashion of gathered bodices. They are made with yoke pieces of lace or embroidery tied with ribbon straps on the shoulders, and with the gathers

pleated sheaf-like below the waist into a shaped band of ribbon terminating at the back in long bows and ends.

Ella Starr

THE WEATHER BUREAU.

THERE is no branch of the Government service in which the public is so immediately interested as the Weather Bureau. No other paragraph in the daily press attracts such interested attention as that in which the weather probabilities are set forth. We may find amusement in picking flaws in the prognostications of the weather clerk, especially after the weather which was the subject of the prognostications has come and gone and we know all about it; but, just the same, we read the predictions with religious care and regularity, and would really be lost without them.

The weather service was created by act of Congress approved February 9th, 1870, as an auxiliary of the army signal establishment, which was the result of a movement put on foot by Captain H. W. Howgate, with the active co-operation of Professor Elias Loomis, the noted scientist, and of numerous boards of trade throughout the country. Although it was at the time of its creation a mere adjunct of the Signal Bureau, it very quickly, under the admirable management of General Meyer, overshadowed the bureau in importance, and now the bureau is only known popularly as something in the nature of a side-show to the great weather establishment.

The act provided for a force of four hundred and fifty men, to include the one hundred then already allowed to the Signal Corps; and one hundred and twenty-five of these are now trained weather sergeants. These men, it should be noted, are as a body much superior to the men of corresponding rank in the army, as in many instances they are all college-bred and possess attainments in no small degree as physical scientists.

The act of October 1st, 1890, in pursuance of which the weather service was transferred from the War Department to the Department of Agriculture on the 1st of July, broadens its scope somewhat, while it is the purpose of Secretary Rusk to extend it considerably on the lines already established. The services of a large number of professors in agricultural colleges and of the directors and other scientific men connected with the agricultural experiment stations will from this time on be drawn upon for the benefit of the weather service, and the science of meteorology—for now the weather has become a distinct science—cannot fail to be advanced by this means.

The duties of the bureau are set out specifically in Section 3 of the new weather law, which is as follows:

"That the chief of the Weather Bureau, under the direction of the Secretary of Agriculture, on and after July 1st, 1891, shall have charge of the forecasting of weather, the issue of storm warnings, the display of weather and flood signals for the benefit of agriculture, commerce, and navigation, the gauging and reporting of rivers, the maintenance and operation of sea-coast telegraph lines, and the collection and transmission of marine intelligence for the benefit of commerce and navigation, the reporting of temperature and rain-fall conditions for the cotton interests, the display of frost and cold-wave signals, the distribution of meteorological information in the interests of agriculture and commerce, and the taking of such meteorological observations as may be necessary to establish and record the climatic conditions of the United States, or as are essential for the proper execution of the foregoing duties."

The new chief of the weather service, Professor Mark Walrod Harrington, is descended from the earliest settlers of New England. His great-grandfather and several others of the family were soldiers in the war for Independence, and the noted Judge Theophilus Harrington was of the same stock. Through his mother the subject of this sketch is a descendant of the old Dutch Walradt family of New York. He was born on a farm near Sycamore, Ill., in 1848. He prepared for college at Evans-town, and was graduated from the University of Michigan in 1868, when he entered the biological department of that institution as an instructor. In 1870 he went to Alaska as astronomical aid to the United States Coast Survey, in the earliest reconnaissance of that interesting Territory by the noted Professor Dall. In 1872

he returned to the university at Ann Arbor, and in 1876 went to Leipzig to study. Within a short period of his entry to the University of Leipzig he was appointed professor of astronomy and mathematics in the school of the Chinese Foreign Office at Peking, which position he held but a year, as his health failed in the climate of Peking, and he returned to America. In 1879 he succeeded Professor Watson as professor of astronomy and director of the observatory at the University of Michigan, which position he held at the time of his appointment as chief of the Weather Bureau.

In 1884 Professor Harrington founded the *American Meteorological Journal*, which is the only journal in the country published wholly in the interest of meteorological science. His co-editors are Dr. W. J. Herdman, of Ann Arbor, and Professor A. Lawrence Rotch, director of the Blue Hill (Mass.) Observatory. In this journal was published, soon after the new weather law was passed, a striking article on the transfer of the service to the civilian authority, that attracted official attention at Washington to him as a suitable man for the appointment.

Professor Harrington's attainments as a scientist have been recognized abroad in his election as a Fellow of the Royal Meteorological Society and as a life-member of the Linnean Society of London.

EDSON BRACE.

LIFE INSURANCE.—PLAIN TALKS.

"L. J.," of Austin, Tex., incloses a circular of the Woodmen of the World, and asks my opinion regarding its life-insurance feature. He says: "It seems to me that this is a remarkably low rate. This is a new organization in this part of the country, and I do not know anything about it at all, but it seems to have the names of many good and respectable persons connected with it."

The best answer I can make is to be found in the statement in the Los Angeles (Cal.) *Times* of June 7th, in which the announcement is made of the organization of a camp of the Woodmen, and the fact that its financial condition proved to be very unsatisfactory, and that the members of it (to quote the words of the *Times*) "feel very sore over allowing themselves to be so duped as to join an order without fully investigating its reliability. It appears that all the misrepresentations were made by the head consul and his deputy, and there were threats of arresting Boak (the organizer) for obtaining money by false representations."

I do not undertake to say that this condemns the entire organization, but I do not like the scheme of insurance offered by the new order. I have no confidence that it can be carried out. It looks to me more like a speculation or a gamble than like life insurance.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 9th, 1891.

The Hermit:—Can you let me know if the "Royal Adelphe Insurance Society," which has its head office at Detroit, Mich., is insolvent? I have a claim on it, and have been told that there is no chance of receiving the money due to me, as the company has broken up. If this is true, can I proceed against the society with any hope of recovering the policy? The policy was left me by my brother, who died in December last. An answer will oblige very much.

A. F.

"A. F." should communicate with the State Insurance Commissioner of Michigan. If he will address that official at Lansing, Mich., I have no doubt that he will have a satisfactory reply. If not, let him communicate further with me.

"O. H. L." writes from Meshoppen, Pa., to ask regarding the "Order of the World," which is sending agents around throughout Pennsylvania and other States, asking them to organize lodges and stating that the concern has 1,800 members in New York, and a large number of lodges in New York, Brooklyn, Binghamton, Hornellsville, Corning, Rome, and Buffalo.

I cannot reply to this communication intelligently without having one of the prospectuses of the order submitted to me. I know little about it, but imagine that it is one of a multitude of similar organizations springing up all over the United States, most of them meeting with speedy and well-deserved failure.

BLAIR, NEB., June 13th, 1891.

The Hermit:—Will you please state in the *ILLUSTRATED* what the prospects are of recovering on claims against the Continental Life Insurance Company. I have a claim for accident amounting to five hundred dollars. Is there any prospect of recovery? If so, when? And what per cent.?

G. W. W.

I do not know to what Continental Company G. W. W. refers. He should be more specific. There was a Continental that failed. Does he refer to it?

GLOVERSVILLE, N. Y.

Will "The Hermit" kindly tell me all he can about the Empire Order of Mutual Aid. Am an old reader of his articles, and have the best of reasons for asking what I do.

A. J. H.

"A. J. H." should be more specific. He does not give me the State from which the Empire Order hails. All my correspondents should give me sufficient facts upon which to base an inquiry. Obscure insurance associations everywhere abound. It is impossible to keep track of them all.

The Hermit.

MISS MACMORDIE.

MISS MACMORDIE is of Blue Grass birth, and possesses a perfect oval face, an exquisite complexion, dark, wavy hair, and a tall, willowy figure, quite fulfilling the poet's ideal of lovely womanhood. When a mere child she took the prize for beauty over three hundred contestants at an artist's exhibition in Paterson, N. J., which goes to prove that the boon of comeliness was early bestowed. Miss MacMordie spent most of her school days with her aunt at Paterson, and graduated with the highest honors of her class. She is proficient in German and Latin, and is a favorite in society.

The following amateur photographers have entered in our third competition since our last published list: Miss Annie H. Buckler, Baltimore, Md.; Miss Kate Matthews, Pewee Valley, Ky.; Rev. Sherwood Roosevelt, Big Rapids, Mich.; Charles Green, Chicago, Ill.; John Candee, Syracuse, N. Y.; Isaac N. Burbank, New Bedford, Mass.; Harry D. Chichester, Eagle Pass, Texas; J. H. Chalker, Mobile, Ala.; Karl J. Phisterer, Albany, N. Y.; Manuel E. Rencurrel, Havana, Cuba; Pollock Riker, New York City; Alfred Steglitz, New York City; Edward R. Jackson, East Oakland, Cal.



THE TUNNEL THROUGH ONE OF THE BIG WELLINGTONIAS OF THE TUOLUMNE BIG-TREE GROVE, CALIFORNIA.
FROM A PICTURE BY I. W. TABER.—[SEE PAGE 442.]



BACK AT THE OLD FARM FOR THE SUMMER.—DRAWN BY CLINEPINT.

OUR ALASKA EXPEDITION.

THE EXPLORERS IN THE TOKIO REGION REDUCED TO EXTREMITIES.

VI.

THE day following that referred to in my last paper, after breakfasting upon a blue grouse which we had fortunately caught and boiled with roots, with a handful of rice, we continued our march up the Tokio, eventually fording the western branch to the southern shore. Our progress was very difficult, owing to the density of the forest, and our situation was every hour growing more desperate, our total stock of provisions consisting of two ounces of condensed soup and a red squirrel. A gap in the mountains which appeared to offer a way across to the Copper River was explored, but it was found to be merely a blind lead or trap, and we continued our tramp until evening, when our supper consisted of three small red squirrels (which with the entrails were cooked with roots) and an ounce of condensed soup, the whole being divided into four exact portions. Our dog got nothing.

Next day, August 12th, our breakfast consisted of roots stewed in a gallon of water, to which was added the last ounce of condensed soup. Advancing up the mountain, a band of mountain sheep was suddenly discerned upon the crest of an elevation to our right. Hope revived at the prospect of obtaining a supply of meat. De Haas and myself undertook the work of scaling the mountain, and actually crawled to its summit with infinite pain and difficulty, but the sheep escaped us, and we returned at night utterly exhausted.

It now became apparent, upon reflection, in view of the circumstances of the case, that we must seek the Tanana country or perish. Our situation would be grave even if we reached that river, for the shot-gun ammunition was almost exhausted, and on that we depended to secure game necessary to our support. It was possible for us yet to get to the Tanana by floating down the river near us on a few logs. This river, which we had essayed to leave at the cañon, had never yet been explored, but I felt reasonably sure of its identity as the Tokio, an eastern tributary of which Lieutenant Allen had crossed on his portage from the Copper to the Tanana in 1885. Providing my surmise was correct the river would eventually take us to the Tanana. When Allen was in the country to the southward he wanted to descend the Tokio to the Tanana, "but," his report says, "our packers protested, saying we should starve." I think Allen's guides knew what they were talking about. We did descend the Tokio and had a ghastly experience, as the narrative will show.

On August 13th our preparations for the escape were commenced by the construction of a raft. Holes were bored in ten spruce logs, and then cross-pieces were fastened to them by means of wooden thole-pins. Then poles were cut and placed over the cross-pieces and formed into a sort of rough deck. This deck was to carry the blankets, photographic apparatus, guns, etc., which would thus be raised eight inches above the water. This simple raft was completed at noon on August 14th, the cargo was lashed to the deck of the raft, and then, using long poles, we shoved away.

The river was divided into narrow threads of swift, deep water, separated by sand-banks, and there were places where our raft (ten feet wide by fifteen feet long) could barely glide through. Our progress was made the more difficult by the fact that "sweepers" reached out on the right and left, which we could only escape by throwing ourselves flat upon the raft as we glided underneath them. But this plan was not always successful, and two or three of the party were at different times swept into the water.

A camp was made in the evening some thirty miles from the point at which the raft was built. We here had a surprise in the shape of a visit from our dog, who by some keen instinct had followed our course and eventually found the camp. He was at once secured.

The second day the raft made rapid progress and we reached a point that seemed familiar. Here, while ashore, our dog was again missed. A search for him made by Price was successful, and he once more took passage with us. But his fate was sealed. Dead he could not escape, but alive he might at any time leave us destitute. At three o'clock we made a landing on a gravel bank and led out the captive for execution. A rope was tied about his neck, and while I held the loose end of it one of the men put his rifle near the brute's head and fired. We dressed the

meat at once, saving even the liver and heart, which were soon in the pot. Indiann had meanwhile searched in vain for roots. I must admit that it required all of my resolution to eat some of that dog's mottled liver and a piece of his heart. The meat, being so fresh, had an indescribable, sickening taste, but it went down all the same. We placed the four quarters, ribs, and neck-piece securely among the branches of a tree, and then lay down to sleep, thankful indeed that there was something to eat.

On the following day, August 16th, it was found necessary to man our raft with sweeps, which proved serviceable enough to keep us out of harm's way, except in close passages. The current at this point was running fully six miles an hour. Where the river swept around sharp turns we were frequently in danger, the channel in some cases narrowing down into a sort of mill-race, so swift and narrow as to require the greatest possible effort to avoid being wrecked. That night, on going ashore, our supper consisted of dead dog and roots. De Haas was now badly swollen in the face, while Price and Indiann had looks of emaciation. At other times, too, they were bloated in the face.

Our progress the next day was marked by a narrow escape from wreck, and that night we devoured the last bit of our dog-meat, picking the ribs of every shred of flesh, and washing it down with a few cups of tea, to which we added a handful of ripe rose-seeds by way of dessert. The following day, August 18th, when our situation had become alarming, the raft, at ten in the morning, glided out upon the bosom of a mighty river, and suddenly our hopes were kindled into enthusiasm. We felt sure that we would be able to identify the place where we had formerly struck the Tanana, and of finding a trail leading back to an Indian settlement. How many miles we were above the place could not be determined, but it was evidently a long distance, the configuration of the surrounding country being new.

I estimated that our voyage down the Tokio had been one hundred and sixty miles long, and that the river is at least of twenty miles greater length, making it one hundred and eighty miles from the source to the mouth. It averages one hundred yards in width on the lower stretches. Small steamboats could ascend it for fifty miles, but no further. The Tanana, where we struck it, was perhaps three hundred yards wide. I believe that it runs several hundred miles further than the present limits of exploration. Few white men have ever been upon it, Lieutenant Allen having been the only actual explorer who had preceded us. From what I can judge of the country the head-waters of the Tanana must lie back of the Mount St. Elias range, and not very far from St. Elias itself. The limits of its exploration are five hundred and forty-eight miles, Allen's record, and the point where I now entered it was about fifty miles further down, i.e., five hundred miles from its junction with the Yukon.

The raft floated quietly along at a three-mile pace upon the mirror-like surface of the Tanana, and we eagerly scanned both banks for familiar landmarks, but saw none. That day we had neither dinner nor supper, except tea and rose-seeds. At four o'clock the next morning we were again on our way. The landscape began to grow familiar. At last a point was sighted which we quickly recognized as that where we had landed upon first crossing the Tanana.

Landing, we found the old Indian trail leading back into the country. We knew that within a distance of three or four miles stood an old cache, and beyond it Chief John's settlement. Everything of value on the raft was thrown ashore, to be covered with the rubber blanket. We were unable now to even bear the weight of our guns, and these, along with our photographic effects, etc., were left behind. With determined effort we finally reached the "slough" of the Tanana where we had formerly crossed in coming from Chief John's camp, and there, to our surprise and delight, found the raft we had built many days previously lying at its moorings, still tied by the willow thongs to the bank. We poled the raft across, and inside of twenty minutes came in sight of the long-sought crib elevated upon four tall posts. Here in the cache two pieces of dried moose were procured and, needless to say, were speedily devoured. Then a line of march was struck along the Indian trail leading to Chief John's place. Arriving there, we were dismayed at seeing no signs of occupation. No smoke curled upward from the house, and no dogs flew to bid us a noisy welcome. Blankets, furs, and food had all been removed from the place, as though the family had emigrated to some other locality. A search for food was at once made, and was rewarded by the discovery of a small can partially filled with oil and blue-berries and several pieces of dried moose meat. While we were helping ourselves the doorway was unexpectedly darkened by a little girl who, while evidently somewhat surprised at seeing us, entered without hesitation. She was followed by an old woman, a veritable hag in appearance, accompanied by a small boy. The woman had roots. Explanations began on our side. We pointed energetically into our mouths with our forefingers, and then with pantomimic gestures sought to convey the idea to her mind that we were famished. She appeared to comprehend, for reaching up, she took down from the rafters an old deer-skin package which we had not investigated and revealed to our eyes some dried moose meat. This she handed over in entirety. Leaving us at work on this new supply she hurried out of doors, and after an absence of some fifteen minutes returned bearing oil and a fish-skin bale of dried white-fish. Feast? That is what we did, but moderately at first, fearing the consequences of over-indulgence. Then we laid down and slept, to awake again toward evening and banquet on more fish

and dried meat, boiled this time. At 8 P.M. a third meal was eaten and we went to bed. The old woman was more kindly than her homely face would suggest—more so than any other native Alaskan whom I have met. She had no idea of sleeping that night, but slipping quietly out of the gloom went down to the stream and there fished patiently, I do not know how many hours, getting us a dozen white-fish for breakfast. Returning to the house before sunrise, she rekindled the fire and put the fish on to boil; then awakened us at 6 A.M. to begin a feast.

We ascertained that the chief and his men were away hunting for caribou, and it therefore became necessary to dicker with the old lady for supplies sufficient to last us two weeks, the time it might take us to reach Indians further down the Tanana. She made several trips to the caches hidden in the woods, and returned bearing heavy burdens of dried fish. I paid her for these mostly in silver, and was glad enough to find a chance at last to use some of the money that had for weeks weighted down my pockets as so much useless metal.

Still the supply of fish she brought was not up to the ideas of men who had needed food for so long. I did not intend to take any more desperate chances when provisions could be had. With one man I slipped away from the house, and penetrating the woods soon found caches and an abundance of fish and oil stored away in them. John was a provident fellow, and I saw that he could afford to divide with us, especially as the caribou season was at hand, and he would soon have large quantities of fresh and dried meat on hand. We levied on the caches to the extent of two sacks of fish and several bags of oil, leaving in the place thereof money and articles of double the value that we would have offered the chief had he been present. Dropping the plunder at a convenient point near the trail we returned to the house. I have forgotten to state that the old woman had sold us a basket of wild cranberries, so that now our larder had a two weeks' supply of fish, berries, and oil, and we felt reasonably certain, barring accidents, of reaching Indians on the middle Tanana before the supplies were exhausted. E. H. WELLS.

"POLE-PLAYING"—AN APACHE GAMBLING GAME.

"NAH-JOOS," as it is called by the Indians, is one of the most popular gambling games among the Apaches of southern Arizona, and hundreds of dollars in ponies and other kindred commodities are gambled away annually by these people, who, like all of their kind, are inveterate gamblers. Nothing seems either too great or too small to gamble for in gratifying their love for this particular pastime. Often a dozen ponies are lost and won in half as many hours, while evidently quite as much interest is displayed and skill exerted when an old and dilapidated and very dirty blanket is the one and sole prize of their contest.

The Indians pride themselves on their skill in throwing the pole, and will devote weeks, and even months, in patient practice, perfecting themselves for the weekly contests that occur at the agency on "issue days," when the champions of the outlying camps congregate to draw their allotted portion of Government beef, flour, etc. Having seen that their respective squaws have secured a place in line, to receive family rations and do all the drudgery connected with the same, the bucks, especially the younger men, hasten to the pole-ground, where the game is promptly started and kept up without cessation the entire day.

Like all games of chance, the participants are by no means the only persons who stake their all on the result of the game; their friends and admirers often back them with their last pony and blanket.

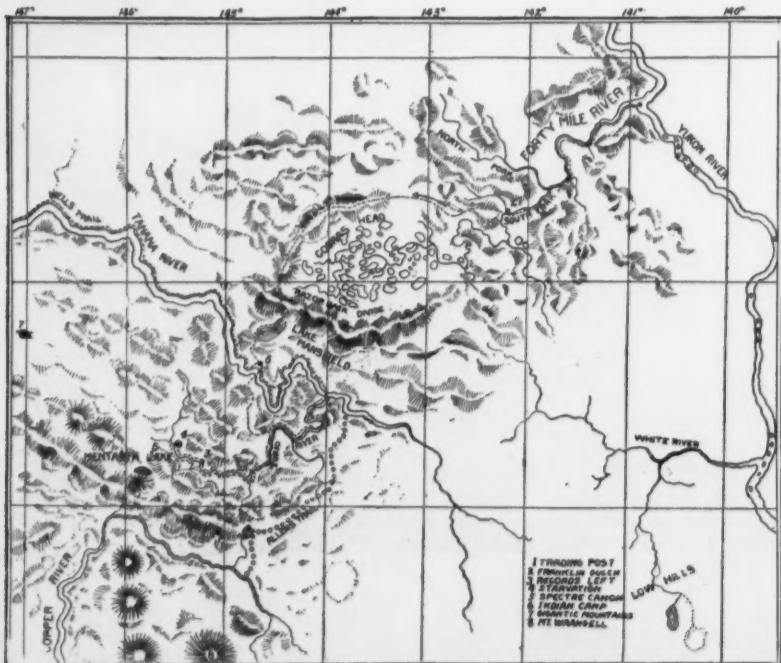
Many a proud young buck who appeared at the agency in the morning riding a gayly caparisoned steed has been known to walk home at night, after a hard day's sport and worse luck, minus his horse and all its gaudy trappings, his squaw patiently trudging behind, packing the rations on her back after the fashion of the "beast of burden" he has lost.

The first requisite of the game is a suitable ground; this must be level, at least sixty feet long, and eight or ten feet wide. It is prepared by clearing off all the debris, and then covering the entire surface with light dried grass. At each end of the ground three parallel ridges are made by bunching up the grass so as to form two grooves of equal length for the poles to glide in. The paraphernalia of this peculiar and somewhat intricate game consists of two poles, usually eighteen to twenty feet long, and a wheel nine inches in diameter. The poles are made of willow spliced with rawhide, and resemble very much an ordinary bamboo fishing-rod. These are marked off from the butt end for a distance of thirty inches into unequal subdivisions of nine parts, while the wooden wheel is divided into ten equal parts with a cross section or diameter of one hundred and twenty points, indicated by wrapping very small sinews around rawhide, so that the total number of coils will make sixty points on either side of the centre, or one hundred and twenty points in all.

The illustration shows exactly the positions taken by the players. Standing in the middle of the ground, the wheel is taken up by one and rolled toward the centre ridge, already explained, and then the poles are thrown so that when the wheel falls it will fall on top of the poles and near the butt end, and every mark covered, whether on the wheel or pole, counts for the player the total of all. For example, if the cross section, which contains one hundred and twenty points, should fall directly over a pole, within the subdivided spaces, it would count for the player the full number of points plus whatever other mark it touched on either the pole or wheel. The poles and wheel are then picked up by the players, and, returning to the centre of the ground, they roll the wheel as before toward the opposite end of the ground, and in this way the game continues. From this it will be seen with what wonderful dexterity the poles are handled, and with what nicety of calculation the spot the wheel will fall in is determined, for the slightest obstruction or tilt of the wheel will change its original course.

The "curve" so much admired in the base-ball expert is here employed with wonderful ingenuity, for the wheel can be diverted from its apparent course at the will of the player. This, however, is a degree of skill that few attain.

Any number of points constitute the game, usually some-



MAP OF FORTY-MILE AND THE TOKIO COUNTRY.

thing under two hundred. Betting is begun slowly, but no sooner does the skill of the player become manifest than gambling in earnest begins, and the successful pole-player who wins the "grand stake" is a man of established reputation, and is greeted on all sides by exclamations of "Honi-cum-squawgy," "Junk," "Moocha Bueno," etc., all expressions of approval in a medley of Yuma, Apache, and Mexican, whose general tenor is "heap good."

CHARLES DODGE, JR.

NOTES AND REFLECTIONS ON A HOLIDAY CROWD AT THE RACES.

It had been a long time since I had seen an American holiday crowd at the races, until I went to Morris Park, in Westchester County, New York, to see the racing conducted there by the Monmouth Park Association on the Fourth of July. This racing association has always heretofore held its meetings at Long Branch, but during the past year there has been an agitation in New Jersey against betting on race-courses, and until the courts shall finally decide whether it be legal to make books and sell pools in that State, the gentlemen of Monmouth Park have decided to race in New York, where, under the Ives Pool law, gambling on horse races, under certain restrictions, is legal. For the Fourth of July and for certain other days in the summer the New Jersey Association arranged to hold their races at Morris Park, the most splendid and complete place for racing ever established in the world. A greater part if not all the money which has been spent in the expensive improvements at Morris Park, was made out of the Louisiana Lottery, and thus the spoils from one great gambling venture have been expended to establish another place which must depend to a very great extent, and probably entirely, upon the gambling spirit which has grown up among the people.

And that such a spirit to gamble has grown immensely there can be no doubt, and just now the favorite method appears to be what is known in popular language as "playing the races." When I started for Morris Park I had almost expected to see a crowd somewhat similar to that which gathers from all parts of England to see the Derby. Derby day is England's great festival, and the spirit of jollity and mirth rules everything. The great historic race for the blue ribbon of the turf is but an excuse for this general outing. Nearly seven out of ten of the people who go do so because it is the thing to do, and they know little and care less about the racing itself. But this was not the case with the great crowd which assembled at Morris Park on the Fourth of July. With them it was very different, and I did not hear from men or women anything else discussed than the merits of the horses entered, the odds given by the book-makers, and the skill and honesty of the jockeys. And each person seemed satisfied that he or she knew all that was worth knowing in the regards mentioned.

There were forty thousand persons at the park. I am told that an ordinary race crowd consists, in the neighborhood of New York, of about five thousand persons, and that fully twenty-five hundred of these go every week-day when there is racing, and that is nearly every day all the year round. If this information be correct there must have been from twenty to thirty thousand men and women there that day who only occasionally get an opportunity to go to a race-course. But they appeared to know all about everything that happened or was about to happen. All this knowledge, or pretense of knowledge, argues that this vast number of people are giving a great deal of attention all the time to racing events. Is it a natural conclusion that this attention is stimulated from time to time by wagers laid with the book-makers in the city, where the pool-rooms are kept open in defiance both of law and police regulations? I fear that it is. The only excuse for permitting gambling on race-courses is that race-courses cannot be maintained without it, and without race-courses and the consequent contests between horses the breeding interests will suffer. But surely there can be no such plea made for these city pool-rooms, which contribute not one cent to the race-courses, and therefore take no part in this indirect method of improving the breeding of horses. They only contribute to the disrepute of racing itself by affording an easy means by which people who have not the time to go to the races may lose their money. But they have educated a large portion of the citizens in and about New York into the mysteries of the turf, until at this time it would be impossible elsewhere in the world to gather together such a crowd of eager betters as that which was at Morris Park on the Fourth of July.

It was not exactly a race crowd—that is, the people had no love for the horses and no fondness for the sport as a sport. It was a crowd eager to bet, eager to win. And as such it was not pleasant to contemplate. What did they care about the improvement of the breeding of horses? Not ten per cent. of them looked to see who was the sire and dam of this horse or that, and if they had looked none of them would have been any wiser. A Greek Testament would have meant just as much. Greed—greed to get some other man's money without working for it was the predominating spirit. When the horses were off in any race they all watched with careful attention, but when there were half a dozen starters a very small percentage were able to distinguish the positions of the various horses. But each greedy better was sure that his horse was certain to win. I actually saw three or four men turn away from the race to quarrel as to which of their favorites would win, and lose sight, in their anger, of the very race which was being fought out in the home stretch. Such men cared neither for horses nor racing. What they did care for was to get money without earning it. As the book-makers are usually a gaudy and resplendent set of men, who have money for fine raiment and sumptuous living, it is pretty certain that the men I have just spoken of usually lose. If they were the only ones to be considered we might not waste further thought on them than to say that to lose served them right; but, unfortunately, many of them have families, and these must suffer when the money earned by honest labor is thrown away to the book-makers in the vain effort while "playing the races" to "beat the game."

Something of this kind is seen upon every race day, but it is not so conspicuous ordinarily as it is upon a holiday. No one cares anything about the heavy wagers of the professional gamblers, the one with the other. With them, to use a homely

phrase, but particularly apposite just here, it is a case of dog eating dog. But it is a different matter when the wages of mechanics, the salaries of clerks, and the profits of small tradesmen are gambled away in a game which they are sure to lose whether the coin falls with head or tail uppermost. All this is very different from the racing I saw in Kentucky when I was a boy. There was gambling there then, too, but it was more out of sight, and it was not the one thing which interested the people. Most of those who attended were either personally interested in horse breeding or had some knowledge of the subject. This man took a pride in one strain of blood; another one had a colt coming on, a full brother to one of the contestants; still a third was anxious to decide in his own mind which was the best sire to use for his mares, and so on and so on. These were the practical things which interested them in the races; and then there was the noble sport itself. If a man cannot enjoy a good horse race without stimulating his interest by betting on the result, then he is but a poor sportsman. So far as sport is concerned he is in the same unfortunate condition as the improvident gourmand who needs to whet his appetite with a cocktail before he can enjoy his dinner.

While speaking of betting I may as well mention the betting-ring itself. At Morris Park the place set aside for the book-makers is very large indeed, and covers quite half the space under the grand-stand, which, I am told, will comfortably seat twenty-five thousand people. Upon an ordinary day one can move about in this place with some ease. When the holiday crowd is out it is one steady push from the time the person enters the ring until he makes his way out. No man of the thousands in the ring is standing still, and each one seems to be trying to get in a different direction from all the rest. As I looked at this struggling mass of men I could think of nothing like it except the whirlpool rapids at Niagara.

At Morris Park there is an inclosure with an uncovered stand known as the free field. The stand was packed full and the space in front of it held as many people as it could comfortably accommodate. Those in the stand had a tolerably fair view of the racing, but I am afraid that those who stood on the ground could only get a glimpse now and then. But the business part of the thing was also attended to in the free field. Book-makers laid odds there, and the Paris Mutual pools were sold. And in the betting-ring the conditions were just about the same as those under the grand-stand. The men were not, as a rule, dressed quite so well, and probably it was not often the case that they had much money to bet, but they were just as rude and just as eager as those who had paid an entrance fee and wore badges in their button-holes. There were many women also in this field. They were not so smartly dressed as those in the other inclosure, but the same spirit had brought them to the spot. In the free field the book-makers take smaller bets, and even with a very thin pocket-book a man or a woman can manage to do a little gambling there. There, too, they "play the races" in a vain effort to "beat the game."

At the top of the grand-stand there is a wide promenade. On ordinary occasions, when there are only ten or fifteen thousand persons present, this is almost deserted. On a holiday, however, it is very much alive. From end to end and back again walk groups of women in gay and gorgeous gowns. They do not seem to be interested in the races particularly, as they do not look at them. They are there evidently to see and be seen, and this long, wide promenade gives them an admirable opportunity. The unceasing walk from end to end reminded me of the gentleman mentioned in Job who, when asked by the Lord where he had been, said that he had been walking to and fro in the earth and up and down in it.

But there is a better side even to a holiday crowd at the races. There are some who go because they love the sport and keenly enjoy the exhilarating sight of half a dozen horses measuring strength and speed in a mighty contest for supremacy. These may be a very small minority, but they go far toward leavening the whole loaf. I saw many such on the Fourth of July, and one can never go to the races without seeing them. Of such was the late Francis Morris, the father of the man who owns the park of which I have been writing. Even at an advanced age he had a young man's enthusiasm for a real horse race, and the sound of flying feet was music to his ears.

JOHN GILMER SPEED

DANTON'S STATUE.

ON the 13th of July a statue of George Jacques Danton, the famous French revolutionist and coadjutor of the bloody Robespierre, was unveiled on the Boulevard St. Germain, at Paris, in the presence of a vast multitude, cheering themselves hoarse in honor of the dead Jacobin, who himself was executed by the guillotine in April, 1794, when his former friend and associate, Robespierre, became suspicious of him. President Carnot, presumably intent upon catching popular sympathy, had originally intended to be present at the ceremony, but a very excited debate in the French Senate, in the course of which all but the most radical members denounced the revolutionary spirit displayed in the monument, prompted M. Carnot to desist from his purpose. As a work of art the monument deserves high praise. The sculptor represents Danton in the act of making one of his celebrated incendiary speeches. The two figures at his feet, one a young man carrying a rifle, the other a child wearing the Phrygian hat, listen spellbound to his passionate words. The whole group is full of life, a powerful monument of the bloody old revolutionary time.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR IN ENGLAND.

WHATEVER may have been the purpose of the German Emperor in visiting England, whether his motive was political or otherwise, there can be no doubt that the visit has tended to strengthen the friendship of the two peoples. From the moment of his arrival until the hour of his departure he was surrounded by a blaze of splendor. Not only the official class, but every class and section of English society joined in the welcome extended to him. Even the villagers of Hatfield and their children greeted him with shouts when he made his visit to Lord Salisbury, and at each of his public appearances the popu-

lace of London thronged the streets through which he passed and saluted him with demonstrations of enthusiasm. First and last, the Emperor obtained glimpses of almost every side of English life, with one notable exception. He saw the fleet, the army, society, the city of London at the Guildhall, with its unexampled assemblage of men eminent in every form of life; he was encompassed by the people themselves, and beheld what their brains and hands could do. His last words in England were those of gratitude and delight; his last acts to distribute decorations on diplomatic Germans and jeweled gifts to a score of English friends.

Intimations have been indulged in by some sensational journals that the Emperor's visit to Lord Salisbury was utilized for the purpose of effecting a closer alliance between the two Powers as against France and Russia, but these are mere speculations. Even the French do not dispute that what has been said and done by the German Emperor in England and by his English hosts makes for peace.

WALL STREET.—"JASPER'S" LETTER.

ST. PAUL, MINN., July 21st, 1891.—A hurried trip to this place, with a brief stop at Chicago and a few days for rest and inquiry here, justify me in saying that thus far all reports regarding crop prospects and an abundance of food supplies in this Western country are fully justified.

I hazard little when I add that if, as I make my onward journey through the great corn-growing States, I find a condition of affairs equally as promising, there need be no doubt about a general improvement in business during the coming fall months.

It is true that money is in great demand in this part of the country and rates of interest are stiffening; but every one knows that as soon as crops are marketed (and the marketing is already in progress), the inflow of money to this part of the country from the centres of accumulation will begin, and it will signalize, I sincerely believe, the return of a more prosperous season.

We all know that the basis of our prosperity is largely the farm. The farmer is the great producer of the commodities that we consume, and he is the great producer of the commodities that we must have to maintain the populations of our cities, the workmen in our factories, and the employes at their desks, so that when the farmer is prosperous he becomes a money-spender, and his money goes to the manufacturer, the store-keeper, and into the bank.

Few realize the vast importance of good crops to a country situated as ours is. In England, where a small area is cultivated and where manufactures are the basis of the national wealth, the condition is very different. Here, we have not only manufactures, built up to a magnificent growth by the policy of protection espoused from the days of Washington, but we have also a boundless area of tillable lands, great deposits of the most valuable minerals, and inexhaustible supplies of coal and iron, magnificent stretches of timber-lands in the Northwest, on the Pacific coast, and in the South—everything to make this the grandest and the richest of nations.

At this juncture, from what I see, the outlook for crops is good, and therefore the outlook for business generally is good. But there is a lack of confidence which acts as a damper on all enterprises. Just as soon as confidence is restored (and this restoration is ordinarily slow, but sometimes comes like a thief in the night) we shall feel a wave of prosperity that will cheer every heart.

The West is not poor, though it needs money for its development; but it is able to pay for all that it borrows, and it will prove this ability as soon as the returns from the crops, that are now being sold, come in.

One of the most observant men (a man of many years' experience) with whom I have conversed since I left New York, said to me without hesitation yesterday, that he foresaw a prosperous era near by. With an intimate knowledge of crop prospects and of the condition of the farmer, he assured me that there had been no time in recent years when the outlook for business was better, and he said that if the people in the East appreciated the situation as it was, and realized the further fact that Europe would doubtless open a market at advancing prices for every surplus bushel of grain we can spare, our investors would hasten to avail themselves of the opportunity to buy low-priced railroad stocks and bonds during the pending depression.

I was told in Chicago by a prominent railroad man that for weeks past—in some instances during several months—the great trunk lines running through the corn districts had been preparing for an enormous business. They had been securing new rolling stock, repairing the old, and getting into position where they could utilize the opportunity for a decided increase in earnings.

This man, who is not a speculator in any sense, neither in the grain nor the stock market, told me that the condition of affairs was much like that of thirteen or fourteen years ago, when stocks were low, business depressed, and everybody waiting for some one else to make a move. In those days Northwestern stock was selling at less than 50, and St. Paul around 35; other stocks held a relative position. Then came magnificent crops here with poor crops abroad, making a steady demand for our surplus, with increased prices, a pressure upon the railroads for accommodations, increased earnings all around, and a rush to buy stocks that sent them up with a sudden whirl.

Now, I will not undertake to say that history will repeat itself in this matter; but I am much surprised at the evidences on all hands and the testimony from observant persons that prosperity is about to dawn upon this Western country. I fancy that Western enthusiasm is a little stronger than that of the East; that the people are a little more impulsive, and, perhaps, more ready to "take chances." But their instincts are good, their faculties of observation keen, and their prophetic power is great. If they are right they are ahead of some of our prophets on Wall Street; but they have the courage of their convictions, and at present occupy the floor.

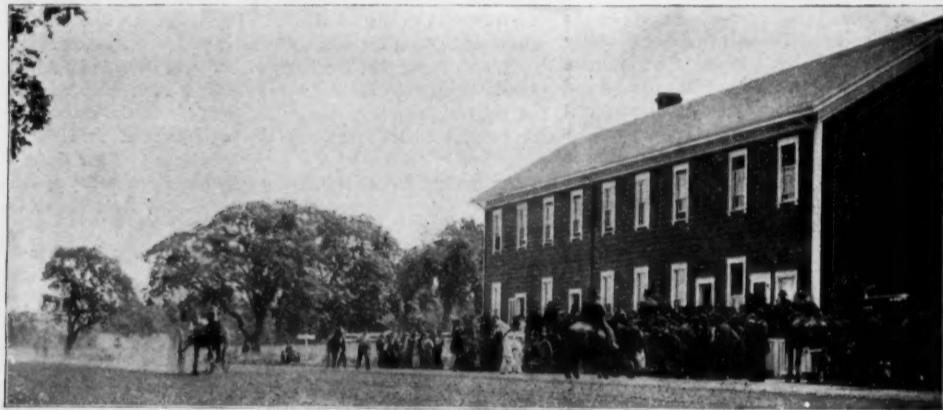
Jasper



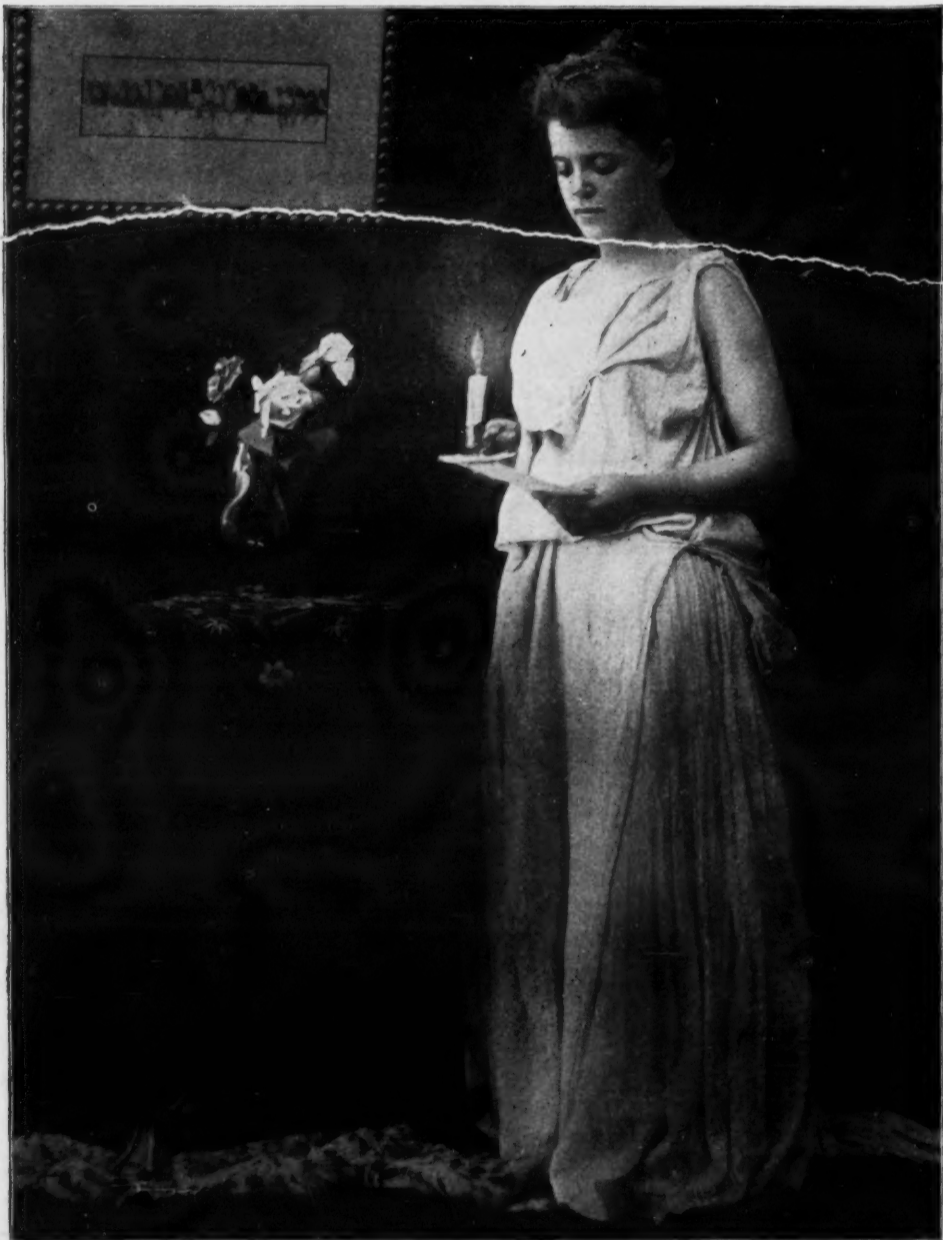
THE FIRST SPADEFUL OF EARTH FROM THE EXCAVATION FOR THE GRANT MONUMENT, RIVERSIDE PARK, NEW YORK: PHOTO BY A. VON.



PLAYING SCHOOL: PHOTO BY C. A. BURT, SAN JOSE, CAL.



SENATOR STANFORD'S HORSE SUNOL TROTS BEFORE THE PRESIDENTIAL PARTY AT MENLO PARK, CAL.



"ONCE AGAIN": PHOTO BY CLARENCE B. MOORE, PHILADELPHIA.

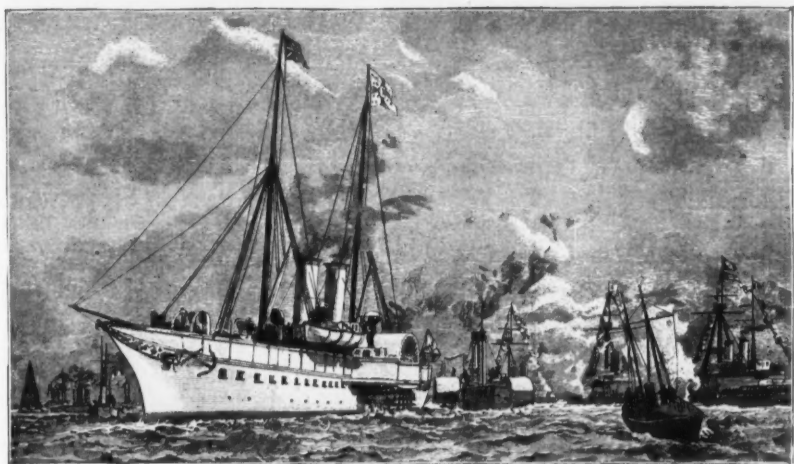


A SMILING GROUP: PHOTO BY C. F. MILLIKEN, CANANDAIGUA, N. Y.

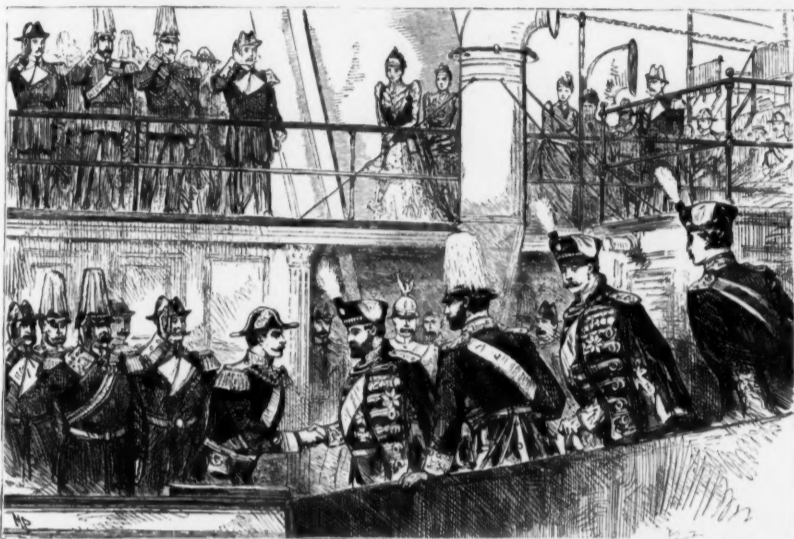


TAKING A QUIET SNOOZE: PHOTO BY E. R. JACKSON, EAST OAKLAND, CAL.

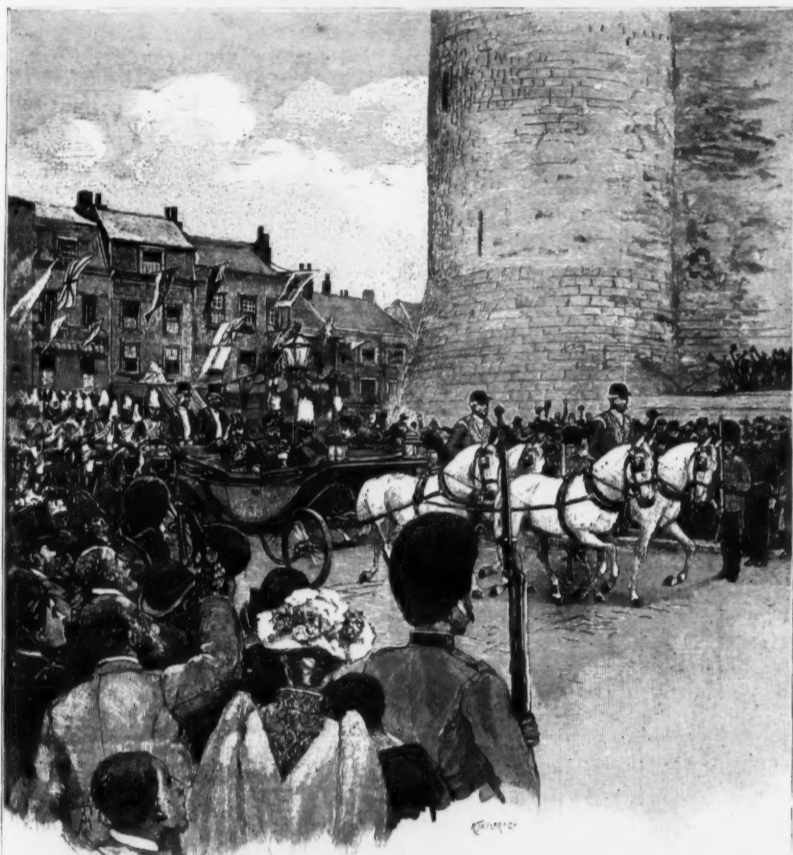
OUR THIRD AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST.—SPECIMENS OF THE PICTURES SUBMITTED IN COMPETITION.



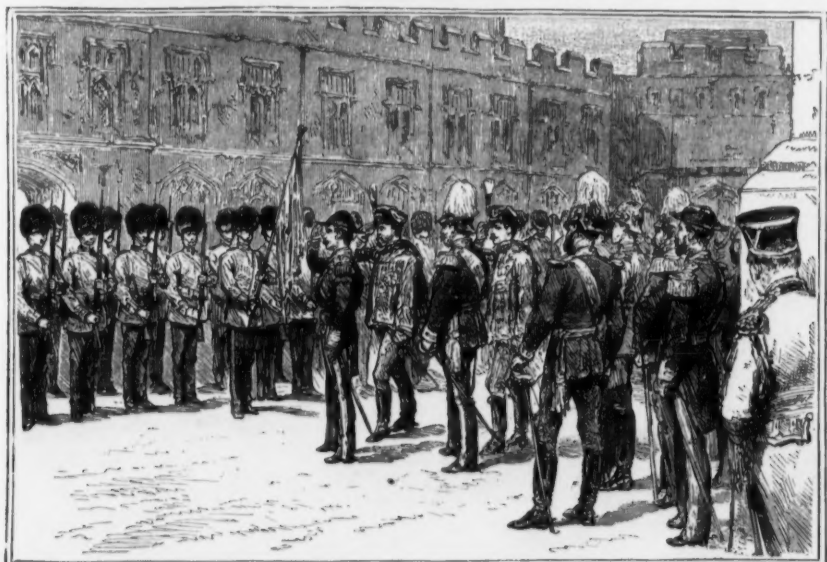
ARRIVAL OF THE IMPERIAL YACHT "HOHENZOLLERN" AT PORT VICTORIA, SHEERNESS.



THE PRINCE OF WALES WELCOMING THE GERMAN EMPEROR AT PORT VICTORIA.



ARRIVAL OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR AND EMPRESS AT WINDSOR—PASSING UP CASTLE HILL.



THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY IN LONDON—REVIEW OF THE GUARDS.



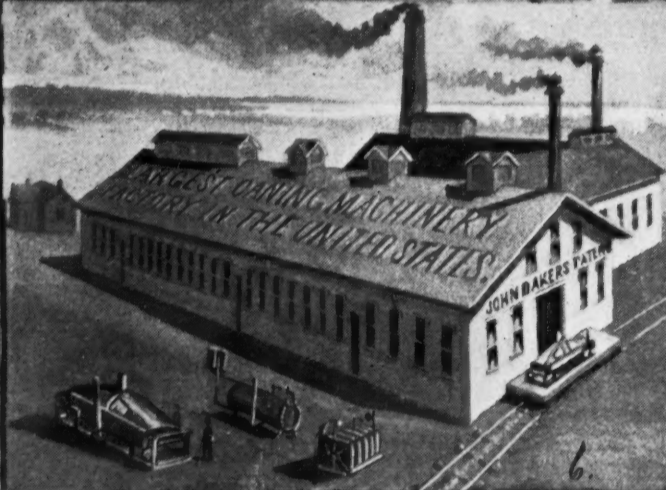
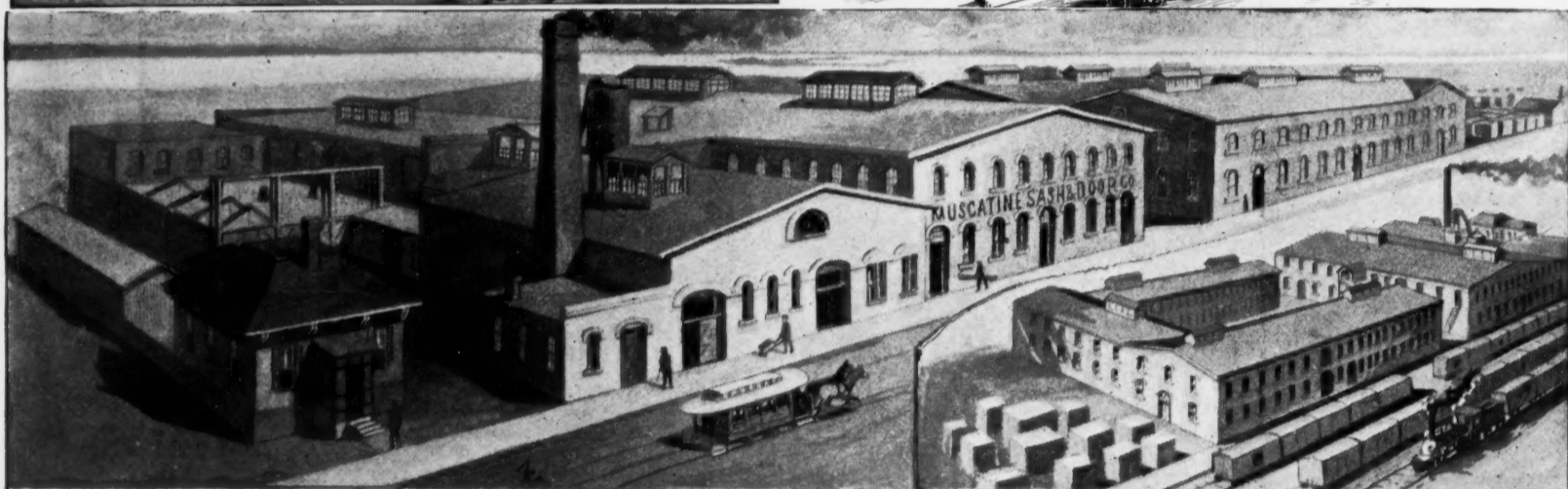
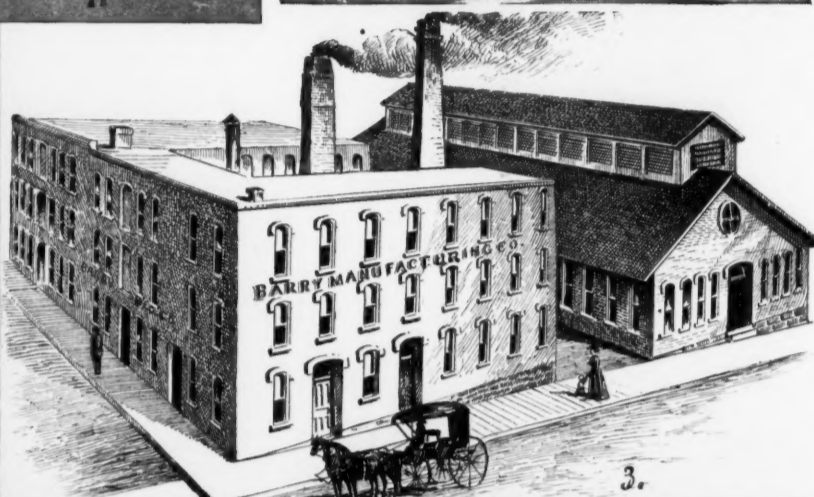
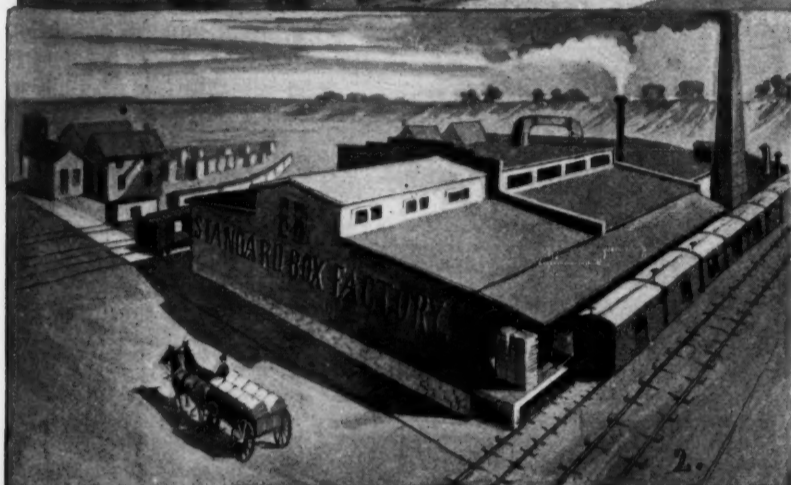
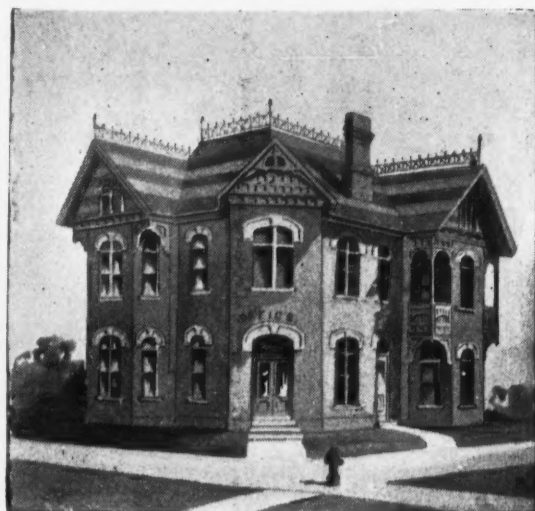
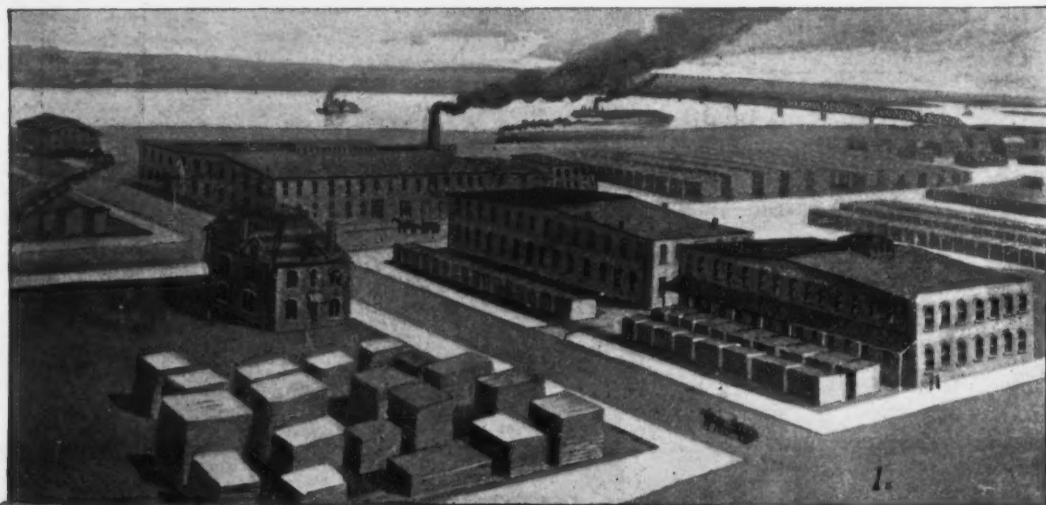
THE MONUMENT TO DANTON, RECENTLY INAUGURATED IN PARIS.



THE EMPEROR WILLIAM AS A BOY.



POOR REFUGEE JEWS IN WHITECHAPEL, LONDON.



1. Huttig Brothers Manufacturing Company. 2. Consolidated Box and Manufacturing Company. 3. Barry Manufacturing Company. 4. Muscatine Sash and Door Company. 5. George W. Dillaway, Wholesale and Retail Crockery and Queensware. 6. John Baker's Canning Machinery Factory. 7. J. P. Ament's Carriage and Wagon Works. 8. Commercial Hotel. 9. Charles L. Mull & Sons, Wholesale Grocers. 10. Bridge across the Mississippi.

MUSCATINE, IOWA, AND ITS MANUFACTURING INTERESTS.



ONE OF THE CITY CHURCHES.

SPRINGFIELD, MISSOURI.

SPRINGFIELD, situated 1,500 feet above the ocean, on the cool, western slope of the Ozark highlands, and on the great highway from the central part of the continent to the great Southwest, the Pacific coast, and Mexico, attracts the attention of the tourist and the capitalist seeking investment. The growth

In this connection we wish to call attention to the illustrations of three leading commercial institutions of Springfield:

THE SPRINGFIELD WAGON COMPANY.

This company employs 75 to 100 men in the manufacture of farm, log, and transfer wagons, of which upward of 2,000 are annually turned out and sold in car lots to dealers in California, Texas, Kansas, Missouri, and Indian Territory. The value of the yearly output is about \$150,000. The officers of the company are: Colonel Homer F. Fellows, president; N. W. Fellows, vice-president; F. A. Wishart, secretary; and E. B. Hayden, treasurer. The abundance of wagon timber and cheap coal in the surrounding country makes Springfield a desirable point for the manufacture of wagons and carriages on a grand scale, resembling in this respect Cincinnati and South Bend. Colonel Fellows has also established a plant in the city of Leon, Mexico, for the manufacture of carriages and furniture for the Mexican trade, which is prospering finely.

THE SPRINGFIELD GROCER COMPANY.

This company, with an operating capital of \$150,000, and with unlimited credit, doing a business of \$1,000,000 annually, is one of the pioneer institutions of Springfield, and one that its citizens feel justly proud of. The main store, salesroom and office of the company occupy a building 63 x 230 feet, and three stories high, including the basement. A switch track parallels the company's buildings, thereby enabling the company to load and unload freight to and from the cars. The officers of the company are: J. T. Keet, president; E. T. Robberson, vice-president; S. E. Cope, cashier; Charles A. McCann, secretary and treasurer, and ex-officio manager of the business.

ROGERS & BALDWIN HARDWARE COMPANY.

Messrs. Rogers & Baldwin went to Springfield five years ago from Boston, Mass. Their success in business has verified their good judgment in selecting this city as a good place for a location. Their present building is 50 x 235, five stories high and basement. They occupy over an acre of floor room, which is stored with all kinds of hardware and farm machinery. They have a large number of traveling men on the road, and do the largest hardware business of any firm in their line outside of St.



HOMER F. FELLOWS, PRESIDENT SPRINGFIELD WAGON COMPANY.

lington, Cedar Rapids and Northern Railroad, with over one thousand miles of railway in the State, has Muscatine as one of its eastern termini. The mail line of the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway to Kansas City passes through this city. Its river and railway facilities give Muscatine a great advantage as a manufacturing centre, and this fact is being widely recognized by capitalists. The city has a fine system of water-works, electric light, gas, telephone, street and car services. Its population is about 11,000.

Among the many manufactures which are concentrated at this point, a few of the more prominent may be mentioned. One of the oldest establishments in the town, known for some thirty-six years for the high quality and the variety of its work, is that of J. P. Ament, manufacturer of carriages and wagons. Realizing that it is sound business policy to produce work of unexcelled quality, and to put it on the market at the lowest living prices, Mr. Ament employs only skilled and expert mechanics, and as a result the product of his establishment has achieved a most enviable reputation, the vehicles made by him being models of beauty, strength, and durability. It is said that wagons of his make were the only ones which ever crossed the plains to California and Oregon without repairs of some sort being necessary to the wheels. Mr. Ament has recently added materially to his facilities, and is now in position to do more and better work than ever before.

One of the first to see the advantages of Muscatine as a jobbing centre was GEORGE M. DILLAWAY, who, in 1857, estab-



VIEW OF EAST WALNUT STREET.

of the city during the past year has been very rapid, and it is believed to be the natural result of a healthful development of the capabilities of the surrounding country for building up and

Louis or Kansas City. Occupying a half-way position between these two cities, they have a territory of one hundred and fifty to two hundred miles south and west to operate in without coming into direct competition.

People visiting Springfield will find a city of 30,000 inhabitants, the best of schools, and churches of all the leading denominations; all the leading secret societies with large memberships, with first-class hotels and places of amusement. Our illustrations are from photographs by Mrs. G. W. Sittler.



SPRINGFIELD GROCER COMPANY.

sustaining a prosperous city. There are no signs of abatement in this onward movement, but rather of greater and better things in future.

more central than that of any other river city in the State, and a fine iron bridge, which spans the river at this point, makes a large area of western Illinois tributary to the city. The Bur-

THE CITY OF MUSCATINE AND ITS INDUSTRIES.

THE city of Muscatine, capital of the county of the same name in Iowa, is situated in the centre of the finest farming region of the State. It lies on the west bank of the Mississippi River, at the apex of its greatest western bend, thus being in a favorable position to control the trade naturally subject to water transportation. It is three hundred miles north of St. Louis and four hundred miles south of St. Paul. Its position is

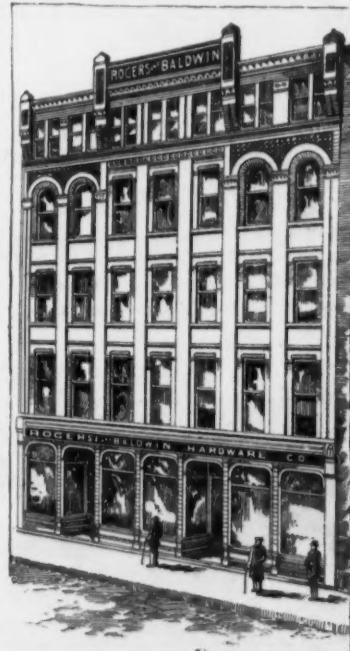


WORKS OF THE SPRINGFIELD WAGON COMPANY.

lished one of the largest wholesale and retail crockery and queensware houses west of the Mississippi. He imports direct, and with a stock second to none in the State, his establishment commands a business throughout the entire Northwest.

MUSCATINE SASH AND DOOR COMPANY.—This company employs a capital of \$300,000, and does an annual business of from \$700,000 to \$800,000. The company make a specialty of the finer class of work in their line. They do a large business in hardwood work, fancy front doors, stair building, and all kinds of woodwork from special designs. Also manufacture full line of regular stock sizes of white-pine doors, blinds, mouldings, glazed sash and knock-down sash. Estimates of cost of work are furnished upon application. The company is composed of wealthy and prominent business men. W. L. Roach is president and general manager; Richard Musser, Charles R. Fax, and S. B. Cook are officers and large stockholders, all being also heavily interested in lumber and banking business.

THE HUTTIG BROS. MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Muscatine, wholesale manufacturers of sash, doors,



ROGERS & BALDWIN'S JOBBING HOUSE.



PUBLIC SQUARE, NORTH SIDE.

blinds, etc., is one of the largest establishments of this kind in the United States. The business was originally founded a quarter of a century ago by William Huttig and Fred Huttig, whose sole capital was five thousand dollars cash, a good credit, and an inexhaustible reserve of pluck and energy. Through the zeal and application of the president, William Huttig, the company has prospered, and has from year to year spread out and established branch houses at Kansas City, St. Louis, St. Joe, and Wichita, making probably the largest concern of its kind in the world.

The Muscatine plant is the largest and main plant of the five, covering two acres of ground with buildings, and several acres more with lumber and stock. Product is shipped to every State in the Union from Muscatine, and "Huttig's work must be furnished," is not an uncommon clause in the specifications of the principal architects of to-day. A new office building, costing twelve thousand dollars, has just been completed by this firm, and for architectural beauty and excellence of finish it has no equal in the State.

Mr. William Huttig, Sr., the president of the company, is not actively engaged in the conduct of the business, his outside interests requiring much of his time and attention. Having been for many years an indefatigable worker, he is content now to rest on his oars and "let the boys do the rowing." He is a man of fine acquirements, having received a thorough education in Germany, and this, coupled with his thirty years' experience in business, makes him an invaluable adviser.

H. W. Huttig, the general manager of the business, is a young man scarcely twenty-four years of age, but has already proved himself an able manager and financier. He is connected with many other enterprises in his own and other cities, and is widely and favorably known throughout the State. D. S. McDermid, the treasurer of the firm, is also a man of fine business qualities.

Another of the growing and important industries of the city is the MUSCATINE BOILER AND IRON WORKS, devoted to the manufacture of improved machinery for canning-factories, under the patents of John Baker, who is also the inventor and sole manufacturer of the Baker continuous-process machine; upright and horizontal kettles, and standard steam process box. The establishment manufactures steam boilers, sheet-iron fabrics, steam engines, shaftings and pulleys, and is prepared to take contracts for canning-plants complete, of any capacity, however great.

It is wonderful to what extent small articles can be brought into general demand by judicious advertising. The Magic Introduction Company, 227 Broadway, New York, are live people, and have both eyes wide open for new and useful things, with a corps of expert mechanics constantly examining them. If found meritorious, they use printer's ink freely; hence, their wonderful success.

The magic pocket-lamp, knife, and pocket-bank, of which many thousands have been sold, owe their production and introduction to this enterprising company. They have many things new and useful now in preparation.

ONLY 25 cents for a bottle of Salvation Oil, the best liniment known. Take no other. The sun is 95,000,000 miles away. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup costs only 25 cents.

ANGOSTURA Bitters make health, and health makes bright, rosy cheeks and happiness.

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,
"THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER," cures
Cramps, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cents a bottle.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup
has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world, twenty-five cents a bottle.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

CONSOLS **HAVANA**
All Tobacco
CIGARETTES
THE VERY BEST.
Consolidated Cigarette Co.
Ave. D & 10th St. New York.

The CONSOLIDATED BOX AND MANUFACTURING COMPANY is engaged in the wholesale manufacture of packing boxes and box shooks. It has factories at St. Louis, Mo.; Muscatine, Ia.; Omaha, Neb.; and Denver, Col. The officers of the concern are John H. Kaiser, R. J. Kaiser, E. H. Joy, L. K. Loy, and Henry Hellmann. The company employs at Muscatine one hundred men, and in all its factories combined has two hundred and fifty men on its pay-rolls. The capacity of its works is six car-loads of product a day, and its trade covers all the Western States, its factories being obliged to run steadily the entire year in order to meet the demand for its goods. It has the largest capacity of any box factory in the West. The company has recently closed a contract with the Standard Oil Company for one million boxes, and it has contracts ahead for over three hundred thousand cases for canning factories. It is one of the most important industries of Muscatine.

Another important industry of Muscatine is that of the BARRY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, whose specialty is the manufacture of lead traps for plumbers and combination ferules used for connections to soil pipes. It is claimed by this house that they manufacture the largest and most complete line of these goods in the world. They use all the latest styles, and are manufacturers also of a large line of other plumbers' goods and sanitary specialties. The celebrated Barry Patent Trap is one of the special products of their works. Their trade extends to all parts of the United States and is increasing very rapidly. This company was incorporated in 1888 with a capital stock of \$30,000, and keeps a large force of men constantly employed. It has the very best facilities for the production of goods at a low cost, and the management of the business is characterized by a spirit of enterprise and determination not only to keep abreast of the times but in advance of all competitors in their particular form of manufacture.

The WHOLESALE GROCERY HOUSE OF CHARLES L. MULL & SONS, established in 1864, has built up, in the face of a sharp Eastern competition, a large and growing trade, which extends through Iowa and Illinois. The four-story building of this firm, which has just been completed, is one of the finest and most complete in the West.

Among the hotels of Muscatine, the COMMERCIAL HOTEL stands prominent. It is a four-story structure and is supplied with every modern improvement. Its management is enterprising and capable, and the house is one of the drawing cards of the city.

The city of Muscatine offers every inducement to persons desiring to engage in the manufacturing industries. Letters of inquiry addressed to J. H. Monroe & Sons, Titus & Jackson, or Kimball & Prosser will receive prompt attention.

FUN.

It takes only ten minutes for a woman to get a divorce in Chicago these days. But no female, with one of these ten-minute divorces, would make what would be called a brilliant success on the stage. It takes at least fifteen minutes to prepare for the modern society drama.

The total Indian population is less than 256,000, but this does not include those red men who seem to have a mania for standing in front of cigar-stores.

THE BARKER BRAND
LINEAR COLLARS
ABSOLUTELY BEST.
BARKER BRAND IN SHAPE FINISH & WEAR TRY THEM

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

AGENTS WANTED
Largest BICYCLE
Establishment in the World.
50 STYLES, WITH
SOLID, CUSHION OR
PNEUMATIC TIRES. Highest
Finish, Best Materials and Workmanship. Prices unparalleled.
Diamond Frame for Gents. Drop Frame for Ladies or Gents.
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On and after that date the St. Louis and Cincinnati Express, now leaving New York at 2 P.M., Philadelphia 4:25, will leave New York at 3 P.M. daily, Philadelphia 5:25 P.M., and arrive Pittsburgh 3 A.M., Columbus 7:55 A.M., Xenia 9:35 A.M., Cincinnati 11:35 A.M., Indianapolis 1:25 P.M., and St. Louis 8 P.M.

On the same date Atlantic Express No. 20 will be changed so as to leave St. Louis 7:30 A.M., Indianapolis 2 P.M., Cincinnati 3:30 P.M., Xenia 5:40 P.M., Columbus 7:20 P.M., Pittsburgh 9:15 A.M., Altoona 5:55 A.M., Harrisburg 9:25 A.M., arrive at Philadelphia 12:16 P.M., and arrive at New York 2:30 P.M. The same complete equipment of Pullman vestibule sleeping-cars and dining-cars as is now in service on these trains will be maintained.



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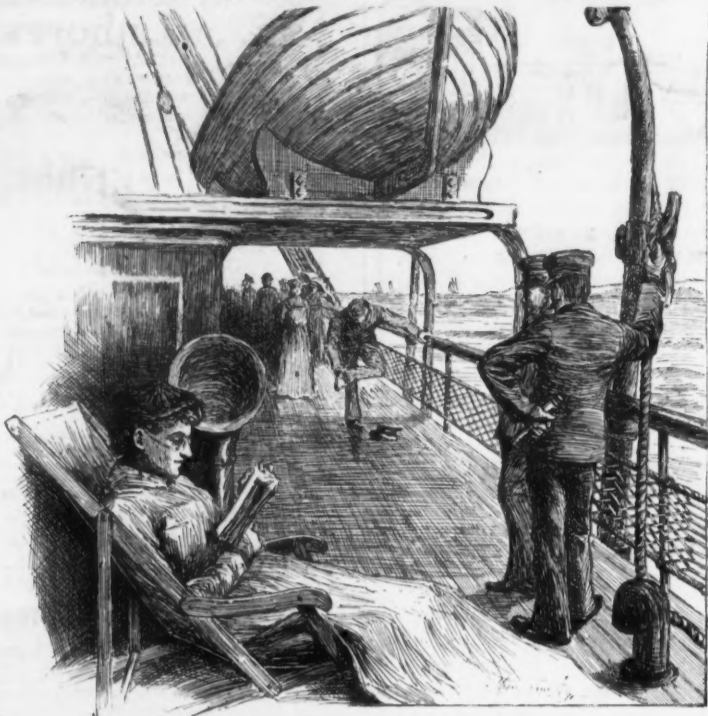
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